

THE ILLUSTRATED  
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NEWS

No. 256.—VOL. X.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6½d.



MISS SOLDENE.



## RAILWAYS.

## SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

For particulars of the usual Extension of Return Tickets see bills.

**ISLE OF WIGHT.**

Ordinary Return Tickets from London to the Isle of Wight are available for eight days by each of the four routes of this company.

**Additional Accommodation.**

On Saturday, 21st, Monday, 23rd, Tuesday, 24th, and Thursday, 26th December, the 5.0 p.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Ryde via the Direct Portsmouth Double Line, and Portsmouth Harbour Station, and to stations on the Isle of Wight Railway.

The 5.45 p.m. Train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Ryde via Stokes Bay.

On Tuesday, Dec. 24, the 5.45 p.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Cowes via Southampton.

On Tuesday, Dec. 24, and Thursday, Dec. 26, the 5.0 p.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Ryde, via Portsmouth Harbour, and to stations on the Newport and Cowes Railway.

## WEST OF ENGLAND, NORTH DEVON, PLYMOUTH AND DEVONPORT, AND SOMERSET AND DORSET LINES.

Cheap Third-class Return Tickets from or to London and the principal stations, including Devonport, Plymouth, Tavistock, Lifford (for Launceston), Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, Exeter, and certain of the Somerset and Dorset Line Stations, including Highbridge, Bath, Wells, Radstock, and Shepton Mallett, via Templecombe, by all third class trains on Saturday, Dec. 21 and subsequent days, available to return up to and inclusive of Monday, Dec. 30.

On Tuesday, Dec. 24, Extra Relief Trains will leave Waterloo for the Basingstoke, Salisbury, Yeovil, and Exeter Lines, at 11.35 a.m. and 4.35 p.m.

The 4.50 p.m. train from Waterloo will convey passengers to North Devon Stations, South Molton-road, Barnstaple, and Bideford, in addition to Exeter and the usual stations.

Special Late Train to Salisbury, Yeovil, Exeter, the West of England, North and South Devon, Plymouth, Devonport, Tavistock, &c.

On Tuesday, Dec. 24, a Special Train for first, second, and third class passengers will leave Waterloo Station at 7.50 p.m. (Kensington 7.15 p.m.) for Exeter, Plymouth, South and North Devon, calling at the principal stations. Cheap Third-class Return Tickets will be issued by this train available to return by any third-class ordinary train up to and inclusive of Monday, Dec. 30.

## DORCHESTER AND WEYMOUTH LINES.

Cheap Third-class Return Tickets from or to London and the principal stations on the above lines will be issued on Saturday, Dec. 21, and subsequent days, available to return up to and inclusive of Monday, Dec. 30.

For full particulars, cheap fares, &c., see handbills, to be obtained at the company's West-end office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly-circus (where tickets may also be had); the City Office, Exeter-building, Arthur-street West; all South-Western Company's Stations, London Offices, and Receiving Houses; or by post from the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

## LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

## CHRISTMAS PARCELS TRAFFIC.

Arrangements will be made to ensure quick transit and prompt delivery of Christmas Parcels, in all the principal towns on the London and North Western System.

**SPECIAL THROUGH VANS** will be attached to the Express Trains between London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, North and South Wales, Carlisle and Scotland; for the accommodation of this traffic, and Senders are requested to order their consignments per

**LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.**

For full particulars as to rates, &c., Parcels Receiving Offices, London and Provincial Towns, see the Company's Time-book.

A FAST TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class), with Sleeping Carriages attached, now leaves London, Euston Station, at midnight (every night), for Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and the North.

G. FINDLAY.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, London, Dec. 1878.

## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

**SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.**

**ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS** for distances above 10 miles and up to 50 miles, issued on December 23rd, 24th, and 25th, will be available for the Return Journey up to and including December 30th. Tickets issued for distances of 50 miles and not exceeding 100 miles are available for the Return Journey within eight days, including date of issue. Tickets issued for distances of 100 miles and upwards are available for the Return Journey within One Month, including date of issue.

This arrangement also applies to Tickets issued between London and Reckham Junction.

**EXTRA TRAINS on DECEMBER 23rd and 24th**, to nearly all parts of the Railway, as may be required.

**CHRISTMAS DAY.**—Extra Trains will run as required; but the Ordinary Service will be as on Sundays.

**BANK HOLIDAY and BOXING DAY, DECEMBER 26.**

A Late Train will run from Charing Cross at midnight to Croydon, Red Hill, Reigate, and Stations to Dorking, including the Caterham Branch. (1, 2, 3 Class.) Also from Charing Cross to Strood and Maidstone at about midnight, calling at London Bridge, Woolwich, Belvedere, Erith, Dartford, Greenhithe, Northfleet, Higham, Cuxton, Snodland, and Aylesford. (1, 2, 3 Class.)

For further particulars see bills, to be had on application at any of the Stations.

JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

**GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.**

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.**—On Dec. 24th, 25th, and 27th, RELIEVING TRAINS will precede some of the principal Trains shown in the time-tables. On Christmas-day the Trains will run the same as on Sundays, with additional Trains, as under:—

**BISHOP'S STOKFORD** at 9.25 a.m., to Dunmow and Braintree.

**CAMBRIDGE** at 10.20 a.m., to Haverhill, Melford, Sudbury, Newmarket, Bury, St. Ives, Huntingdon, and W. B. each; Ely at 10.55 a.m., to Sutton, St. Ives, Lynn, Wymondham, Dereham, Fakenham, Wells, and Norwich (Thorpe); and Lynn at 11.55 a.m., to Hunstanton, Docking, Burnham, Swaffham, &c., calling at intermediate Stations. These Trains will be in connection with the 8.0 a.m. Train from Liverpool-street.

**IPSWICH** at 11.15 a.m., to Framlingham, Aldborough, Yarmouth (S.T.), Lowestoft, &c.; calling at the intermediate Stations in connection with the 7.18 a.m. Train from Liverpool-street.

**SUDBURY** at 11.5 a.m., to Bury; Colchester at 10.15 a.m., to Walton-on-the-Naze; Bentley at 10.45 a.m., to Hadleigh; and Tivetshall at 12.45 p.m., to Harleston, Bungay, and Beccles, in connection with the 7.18 a.m. Train from Liverpool-street.

London, Dec., 1878.

S. SWARRICK, General Manager.

## NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

Christmas Holidays, 1878.—Return tickets issued on Tuesday, the 24th inst., and intervening days, will be available to return up to and including Tuesday, the 13th inst.—On Christmas Day the Trains will run as on Sundays. Boxing Day—Trains every fifteen minutes to and from Chalk Farm for Primrose Hill and the Zoological Gardens, to and from Highbury and Islington for the Agricultural Hall, and to and from Victoria Park and Hampstead Heath and Willesden Junction; every half-hour to and from Kew Bridge for Kew Gardens. Every hour to and from Richmond, with a frequent train service to and from Teddington for Bushey Park and Hampton Court. Every half-hour to and from Kensington (Addison-road) and South Kensington; with a frequent train service in connection with the Crystal Palace. Frequent trains to Finsbury Park, Alexandra Palace Station, Wood Green, Barnet, High Barnet, and Enfield.

By order,

**STREATHAM STEEPLECHASES.**

## BOXING DAY, DECEMBER 26.

**SPECIAL TRAINS** (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) to Norbury Station, close to the entrance to the Course. From London Bridge 11 a.m. and 11.50 a.m. calling at New Cross, Forest Hill, Sydenham, Penge, Anerley, and Norwood Junction; and from Victoria 12.5 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning after the Races.

(By Order)

I. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

## BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

## GRAND CARNIVAL.

## CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

## CHINESE AND JAPANESE FAIR.

Feast of Lanterns, Illuminated Fountains, special Musical Attractions. Commencing Xmas Eve.

G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

## THEATRES.

## THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—On BOXING NIGHT (Thursday next), Dec. 26, at 7.45, will be produced a New Grand Christmas Pantomime entitled JACK AND THE BEANSTALK; or, Harlequin and the Seven Champions as We've Christened 'em. Written expressly for this Theatre by Frank W. Green. New and magnificent Scenery by Julian Hicks, Son, and assistants. The whole invented and produced by Charles Harris. **FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE on SATURDAY, Dec. 28; Second, Monday, Dec. 30; Third, Wednesday, Jan. 1; Fourth, Saturday, Jan. 4, and on Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday** after until further notice, commencing each day at 2 o'clock. Children under twelve admitted to Morning Performances at Half-price to all parts of the house on payment at the doors only. Box-office open daily from 10.0 till 5.0, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall. Prices of admission:—Private Boxes from £4 4s. to 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (Reserved), 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Pit, 2s.; and Gallery, 1s.

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.

BOXING NIGHT, December 26th, 1878, and every evening at 7.30, will be performed the Drury Lane Grand Comic Christmas Annual, written by E. L. Blanchard, entitled CINDERELLA; or, HARLEQUIN AND THE FAIRY SLIPPER. The new and characteristic scenery by William Beverley. Morning performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at Two o'clock, to which children and schools will be admitted at half-price to all parts of the Theatre, Upper Gallery excepted. The Ballets arranged and the whole of the Pantomime produced by Mr. John Cornock, under the personal supervision of Mr. F. B. Chatterton. Characters in the opening by the celebrated Vokes Family, Mr. Fred Vokes and Mr. Fawdon Vokes; Miss Victoria Vokes, and Miss Jessie Vokes, Mr. F. Barsby, Miss Hudspeth, Miss Julia Warden, Miss Bellew, Miss D'Arcy, Miss Wilson, and Miss Sinclair, première danseuse assoluta, Mlle Marie Gosselin. New song, "Cinderella," composed by Julia Woolfe. The Harlequinade will include those popular pantomimists, forming a double company, Fred Evans and Charles Lauri, Clowns; Henri Lauri and Gellini. Pantaloon; E. Dean and F. Sims, Harlequins; Miss Fanny Lauri and Miss Rose Tyrrell, Columbines; Miss Amy Rosalind, Harlequina. Madame Helena's Performing Dogs. Edwin Ball's Combination Bicycle Troupe, Performing Pigeons and Monkeys. Mr. Edward Stirling, Treasurer; Mr. James Guiver, Stage Manager. The costumes by Mr. May, from designs by Mr. J. Wilhelm. The music composed and selected by Karl Meyer. The comic scenes, tricks, &c., arranged by Messrs. Lauri, Evans, and Hone; machinery by J. Tucker. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box office open from ten till five daily. Private Boxes, one, two, three, four, and five guineas; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; First Circle, 4s.; Balcony, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Lower Gallery, 1s.; Upper Gallery, 6d.

## THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

THE CRISIS, a new comedy in 4 acts, adapted by James Albery from Augier's LES FOURCHABAUTS, the greatest success of the past Paris season. Characters by Mrs. John Wood, Misses Fastlake, Lucy Buckstone, and Miss Louise Moodie. Messrs. Howe, Kelly, D. Fisher, jun.; Weathersby, Fielder, and W. Terriss. Every evening at 8.30, and this (Saturday) morning, at 2.30. The comedy preceded every evening by a farce by Percy Fitzgerald, Esq., entitled THE HENWITCHERS.

## ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor, Mr. Benjamin Webster. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), at 7.45, **PROOF**. Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, L. Lablache, C. Harcourt, H. Cooper, J. Johnstone. Messdames Bandmann, A. Stirling, Billington, D. Drummond, R. Bentley, Clara Jecks, Kate Barry, and Bella Pateman. Preceded by TURN HIM OUT. Mr. J. P. Bernard. Conclude with SHRIMPS FOR TWO.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.

On Boxing Night will be revived (first time for thirteen years) Charles Reade's very successful and powerful Drama, IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND, with new scenery and appointments. The following specially selected company has been engaged:—Messrs. Charles Warner, Howard Russell, John C. Cowper, William Redmond, A. Callhaem, F. W. Irish, De Belleville, A. Nelson, Farkes, Beauchamp, Strickland, Haisman, and Harry Sinclair. Messdames Maud Milton, Stewart, and Rose Leclercq. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5.

## VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1269th

Night of OUR BOYS. On Boxing Night and every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (1269th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Thorne, Flockton, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, and James; Messdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

## OLYMPIC.—THE TWO ORPHANS.

EVERY EVENING, at 7.30.—MORNING PERFORMANCE OF A REPUBLICAN MARRIAGE, SATURDAY NEXT, at 2 o'clock. Box Office open daily from Eleven to Five. No booking fees.

## ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. HARE

has the honour to announce that this theatre will RE-OPEN (for the fifth season under his management) on SATURDAY, Jan. 4, 1879, with the celebrated comedy of A SCRAP OF PAPER, and the one-act play A QUIET RUBBER. The following ladies and gentlemen will form the company:—Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss C. Grahame (her first appearance in London), Miss Cowle, Miss M. Cathcart, Mr. W. H. Kendal, Mr. T. N. Wenmann, Mr. Mackintosh (his first appearance in London), Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. W. Herbert, Mr. W. Younge, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Hare. Entirely new scenery, painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford. Musical Director, Herr Schoening. Assistant Stage Manager, Mr. R. Cathcart. Acting-Manager, Mr. John Hay.—Box-office will open Monday, Dec. 30.

## OPERA COMIQUE.—Notwithstanding the

nightly crowded houses, this THEATRE must, in accordance with the requirements of the lease, be CLOSED after Dec. 24 for repairs. The Theatre will be reopened entirely redecorated and renovated on Feb. 1, 1879, with the present successful performance of H.M.S. PINAFORE and the present Company. Seats may now be secured from Feb. 1 onward, at the Box-office and libraries.

## OPERA COMIQUE.—Monday and Tuesday,

Last Two Nights until February of H.M.S. PINAFORE; or, The Lass That Loved a Sailor; original nautical Comic Opera by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, at 8.30. At 7.45, CUPS AND SAUCERS. At 10.30, AFTER ALL, new Vaudeville by Frank Desprez and Alfred Cellier. —Manager, Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.

## ROYALTY THEATRE.—This Theatre

will be closed for Christmas week, and reopen WEDNESDAY, January 1st, with a new Comedy by Palgrave Simpson, and a new and original English Comic Opera.

## CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

Special Notice.—Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Charles Wyndham, and the orders he has received from his medical adviser to take a few weeks' rest, the present season, which has continued for nearly three years without intermission, closed on Saturday, Dec. 21, and the new comedy season will recommence on Saturday, Feb. 1, 1879, on which occasion an entirely new comedy will be produced, of which due notice will be given. During the recess Mr. Henderson has much pleasure in announcing that he has arranged to transfer to the Criterion Theatre THE LITTLE QUIRITI Italian Opera and Ballet Troupe, who were to have played at the Globe Theatre for a series of morning performances, but by this unforeseen opportunity this wonderful company of juvenile artists will now be enabled to play a more important engagement under more favourable auspices, commencing on BOXING DAY (Thursday), Dec. 26, at a morning performance, and also in the evening of the same day, and thereafter every evening, and matinees every Wednesday and Saturday for a limited number of Performances. The performance will commence with Lecocq's Opera Bouffe LA FILLE DE MADAME ANTOINE, concluding with the Grand Ballet d'Action in six Tableaux, entitled THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM. Seats can now be secured in advance.

## CRITERION THEATRE,

Closed on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 23rd, 24th, and 25th December, reopening on Boxing Day, Thursday, 26th December, with a morning performance at 2 o'clock, and evening of the same day at 7.30, with THE LITTLE QUIRITI Italian Opera and Ballet Troupe. Seats can now be secured. Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

## FOLLY THEATRE.

Sole Manager and Proprietor, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

GRAND HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT. More screamingly funny than any Pantomime in London. At 7.15, A HUSBAND IN COLTON WOOL. At 7.45, the comedy drama RETIRING. At 9.30, Gilbert's celebrated comedy, THE WEDDING MARCH. Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, W. J. Hill, J. G. Grahame, C. Steyne, and the entire strength of the Company. Seats can be secured in advance. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

## EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR, Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor ... .. J. B. AMOR.

## ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.

Great attractions for the holidays. Entirely New Musical Extravaganza, THE BABY. Every evening, until further notice, at 7, ON AND OFF, followed by HIS LAST LEGS. W. H. Vernon. After which the desperate adventures of THE BABY. Messrs. Loredon, Marius, H. Cox, E. Marshall (his first appearance at this theatre), R. Carter, F. Wyatt, L. R. Cade, H. Turner, &c.; Messdames Lottie Venne, Violet Cameron, Maud Howard (her first appearance), G. Williams, G. La Feuille, and the Ladies of the Chorus, &c. Doors open at 6.30. Box-office hours from 11 to 5. No charge for booking.

## ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

LA POULE AUX VEUFS D'OR.—MONDAY NEXT, Dec. 21st. BOXING MORNING, and EVERY EVENING will be produced the Grand Christmas Fairy Extravaganza in a Prologue, three acts, and sixteen scenes, in which the following artists, specially engaged, will appear, viz., Messdames Emily Soldene, V. Granville, C. Vesey, Bertie and Constance Loseby; Messrs. Knight, Aston, A. Cook, L. Kelliker, J. Dallas, C. Power, Mat Robson, F. Hall, and E. Righton. The Girards and M. Bruet and Mlle. Reviere, the celebrated Buffo Duetists. Three Grand Ballets; arranged by M. Bertrand, magnificent scenery by A. Callcott. Dresses designed by M. Faustin, executed by Miss Fisher, Mrs. May, and Madame Alias. Properties by Mr. Buckley, machinery by Mr. F. Sloman. Music selected from Rossini, Herold, Shield, Offenbach, Lecocq, Grenart, Bualocsi, Chabril, Planquette, and A. Sullivan. With original songs, marches, and ballets by M. G. Jacobi. Doors open at 7.20. Prices from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d.—Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

## BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Boxing Day at 12, and every following Evening at 6.45, Grand Pantomime, THE MAGIC MULE; OR, THE ASS'S SKIN AND THE PRINCESS TO WIN. Mrs. S. Lane, Mdlles. Polly Rundall, Summers, Lima, Ada Sidney, Rayner, Newham, Pettifer; Messrs. Fred Foster, Bigwood, Lewis, Ricketts, Wilson, Reeve, Hyde, Tom Lovell. Concluding with A LEGEND OF WEHRENDORF. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Rhoys, Towers' Drayton; Mdlles. Bellair, Adams, Brewer.

## NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—

Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.

On Christmas Eve, Boxing Night, and every evening until further notice will be presented the New GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, by Messrs. G. Conquest and H. Spry, entitled HOKEE POKEE, the FIEND OF THE FUNGUS FOREST; or, the SIX LINKS OF THE DEVIL'S CHAIN, supported by Messrs. G. Conquest, G. Conquest, jun., Nicholls, Parker, Syms, Vincent, &c.; Messdames Maud Stafford, De Maurier, Victor, Inch, L. Conquest, A. Conquest, &c. Harlequin, W. Ozmond; Pantaloon, E. Vincent; Clown, R. Inch, and Columbine, Miss H. Ozmond. Morning Performances on Boxing Day, and the following Friday and Saturday mornings at 12 o'clock, and every succeeding Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday morning at 1.30.

## NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

Bishopsgate.

Grand Pantomime, ROBIN HOOD AND THE MERRIE MEN OF SHERWOOD. Every evening at 7. Morning Performances, Boxing Day, Dec. 26th, Friday, Dec. 27th, Saturday, Dec. 28th, and every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 1 o'clock, to which children under ten half price.

## ROYAL PARK THEATRE, Camden Town.

Under entirely new management. Grand Pantomime, ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES. Every evening at 7. Morning Performance, Boxing Day, Dec. 26th, and every Saturday at 1.30. Children half price.

## MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Tour terminated

at the THEATRE ROYAL, CORK, on December 14th, and (after a month's rest) will RE-COMMENCE in Scotland, on the 20th of January, 1879.—Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

## ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—NATIONAL

HOLIDAY FESTIVAL CONCERT.—BANK HOLIDAY (Boxing-day), Thursday Next, Dec. 26.—Under the Patronage of SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.—At 2.30, Old Songs and Ballads; Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Helen Meason, and Miss Orridge; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Signor Roccolini, and Mr. Maybrick; Grand Organ, Mr. Sidney Naylor; Solo Cornet, Mr. Howard Reynolds. Conductor, Mr. SIDNEY NAYLOR. Boxes, £1 1s. and £1 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 4s.; arena, 4s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; orchestra, 2s.; 5,000 admissions, 1s. Tickets at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, and the Royal Albert Hall.

## HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-

street, Oxford-circus.—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS. Charles Hengler's unrivalled entertainment.—The First Riders of both Hemispheres, Marvellous Gymnasts, and the Drolliest of Clowns. A brilliant programme, including the New Martial Picturesque Spectacle, interspersed with Dances, Patriotic songs, Choruses, Military Incidents and Effects, entitled, BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE; or, The Congress of Scotland's Warriors, morning and evening. Presented for the first time on SATURDAY, December 21st, and performed every day and every evening at 2.30 and 7.30 on and after Boxing Day.—Proprietor and Director, Mr. Charles Hengler.

## THE CANTERBURY THEATRE OF

VARIETIES.

## TRAFALGAR.

The Victory at Sea. Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar. The West Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On Board the Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson.

The Daily Telegraph says:—"Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits."

The Observer says:—"Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted."

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT during the Evening:

Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson the Kiralfys, &c.

## MYERS' GREAT HIPPODROME AND

CIRCUS, the most Gigantic Establishment in the world, from

Paris and Crystal Palace, Sydenham, will open at

THE AGRICULTURAL HALL,

on BOXING DAY, December 26th. (See future advertisements.)

## MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—H.R.H. the late

PRINCESS ALICE; Scindia, Maharajah of Gwalior; Gholam Hussein Khan, our Envoy; Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan; Berlin Congress; the Guillotine used during the Reign of Terror; the gallows designed by the notorious Thurtell, and used in England; the Bulgarian Atrocities, photographed from life taken at the time and place; Peace, the Blackheath Burial. Admission 1s.; Chamber of Horrors, 6d. extra. Open from Ten till Ten.

## HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE,

HOLBORN.

Increased attractions for the Holidays. Hamilton's EXCURSIONS and PANSTEREORAMA of Passing Events, with superb scenes of Cyprus and the Kyber Pass. Patriotic and Character Songs, Champion Skaters, &c. The most varied entertainment in London. Every Evening at 8. This Saturday, Monday, and daily during the holidays at 3 and 8. Admission 6d. to 3s. Bonnets allowed in stalls and boxes. No fee for booking. Carriages at 10.30.

## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

## ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's park.

Admission Sixpence, every day (except Sunday) from December 4th, 1878, to January 3rd, 1879, both days inclusive.



**CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEEK ENDING**  
**DECEMBER 28, 1878.**  
 Monday, December 23rd, Production of Pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe."  
 Tuesday, December 24th, Pantomime "Robinson Crusoe."  
 Wednesday, December 25th (Christmas Day), Great Organ.  
 Thursday, December 26th, (Boxing Day) Pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe."  
 Friday, December 27th, Repetition of Pantomime.  
 Saturday, December 28th, Variety Entertainment.  
 Monday to Friday, admission to Palace, One Shilling Daily. Saturday, Half-a-Crown, or by Season Ticket.

**CRYSTAL PALACE—THE GREAT CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, ROBINSON CRUSOE** (written and produced by Augustus Harris under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham) will be produced for the first time on Monday, December 23rd, at 3. Characters by Miss Nellie Moon, Miss D'Auban, Miss Emma D'Auban, Miss Fisher, Mr. John D'Auban, Levite, Mr. Ridley, the Ethiopians, Messrs. Melrose and Richards, &c. Scenery by Mr. F. Fenton. Transformation scene by Mr. W. Telbin, Ballets by Mr. John D'Auban, Music by Ferdinand Wallerstein. See future announcements. Numbered seats, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., may now be booked.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—BOXING-DAY.—**  
**THURSDAY, December 26th.**—Pantomime Robinson Crusoe (see special announcement). Grand early Firework Display by Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co. Variety Entertainment by Wainratta, Levantine, Wood and Bennett, D. Dugwar, Vern and Royston, Pavillion and Rousillon, Hanlon Volta Troupe, Fritz Renhard, the celebrated facial artiste. Band of Scots Guards, and a host of other attractions, for which see future announcements.  
 One Shilling Day.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.**  
**GREAT AND SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.**

**ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.**  
 The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of its entertainments, surpasses all rival establishments.  
 Open at 11. Admission One Shilling.  
 11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day, "Mephisto," the marvellous Chess Player; from 12 to 5 and 6 to 10 daily the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmographic Views, the Performing Fleas, C. Naud's Gallery of Drawing, The Aquarium (finest in the world); The Articulating Telephone and Microphone; Toby, the Performing Pig; Barnard's Puppets.  
 MANATEE, the Mermaid, now on view, admission 6d.

2.30. Theatre. ALADDIN.  
 3.15. Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.  
 5.30. Zazel the marvellous.  
 7.30. Vocal and Instrumental Concert.  
 8.0. Theatre. ALADDIN.  
 8.30. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.  
 10.30. Zazel's second performance.  
 Dare Brothers, Tell and Tell, Verne and Boyton.  
 Beni-zoug-zoug, Turks, Zoro, Martinetti Troupe, M. Witham, Paulo Troupe, Valjeans, Wonderland, and Zazel.  
 The Pantomime, Royal Aquarium Theatre, every afternoon at 2.30, and every evening at 8. The Grand Christmas Pantomime, ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP; OR, THE FLYING PALACE AND BIG BEN OF WESTMINSTER, by the Brothers Grimm.  
 No expense or pains have been spared to render it as beautiful, as entertaining, and as attractive to visitors of all ages as the successful preceding Pantomimes at this Theatre. The new and magnificent scenery including the grand transformation, is by Mr. Perkins, the music is composed by M. Dubois, the costumes by Mrs. May from original designs, the dances invented by Madame Collier, the whole production under the superintendence of Messrs. E. F. Edgar and Paul Martinetti. The cast is an especially strong one, including Miss Kate Phillips, Miss Amy Forrest, Miss Miller, Miss N. Phillips, Miss Chapman, Messrs. C. Collette, James Fawn, H. Paulo, W. Gilbert, and Mr. Paul Martinetti. Principal Dancers, Mdlle. Bartolotti, Miss Percival, Mdlle. Violetta. Harlequinade by the famed Martinetti and the favourite Paulo troupe. Royal Aquarium every evening at 8, every afternoon at 2.30. Note Stalls, 6s.; children, 5s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; children, 4s.; Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. Free admission to the Royal Aquarium included, Gallery excepted. Book your seats in advance.

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NEXT WEEK'S issue of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain several Christmas stories—Reviews of the Illustrated Christmas Gift Books—Sketches from the Alexandra Palace Dog Show—"The Gentlemen," a seasonable coast—Portraits of Miss Emma Chambers and M. Emile Waldteufel—"Feasting and Fasting"—Across the Fields on Christmas Morning—"They're off the Road," a Christmas Coaching Sketch, by J. Sturgess—Sketches by Our Captious Critic, &c., &c.

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**NOTICE.**  
 With the New Year a story of powerful dramatic interest, entitled  
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**CHRISTMAS LITERARY SUPPLEMENT**  
 Will appear with the next Number of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, Filled with Pictorial and Literary Selections from THE CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS OF ALL KINDS.

**NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.**  
**CHRISTMAS WEEK.**  
 All Advertisements intended for our issue of December 28th, must reach the office not later than 6 o'clock on Monday, the 23rd. inst.

**THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.**  
**LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.**  
**CIRCULAR NOTES.**

THE death of the Princess Alice of England has thrown a gloom over all classes of society. England is wrapt in universal grief for the loss of the dutiful daughter, the watchful sister, and the tender mother, who has fallen a martyr to her sweet solicitude. Perhaps no more touching epitaph can be written of her than the well-chosen words of Earl Granville, in the House of Lords, on Tuesday night. For us, we can but join in the general grief and sympathy which is everywhere expressed by a mourning nation for its bereaved Queen.

Mr. LABOUCHERE has apparently, so far, got much the best of "the Serjeant" in the way of hard knocks; but the editor of *Truth* seems to be, in jockey parlance, over anxious to "get home." He will get his "statement" in, at any cost; and, without contempt of court, we may say that plenty of latitude has been given to the gentleman who only owns to being one of the "family" of "Truthful Tommies."

Now, though "true it is, pity 'tis, 'tis true," that there is so much dirty linen knocking about nowadays, for ablation in the law courts, yet there are far too many "Society" papers; and, in the end, the public will get disgusted with a surfeit of private jealousies and quarrels foisted upon them upon every possible occasion.

MR. HARE reopens the Court Theatre on Saturday, Jan. 4th. The mention of the opening pieces, *A Scrap of Paper* and *A Quiet Rubber*, with such names as those of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mr. Wenman, and Mr. Hare, are sufficient warrant that the Court will be well worth visiting once again. Let us draw a veil over the brief shadow cast upon the theatre by such a piece as *Marie, the Pearl of Savoy*, and banish from our recollection the other sad *Memories*. We are promised something of a very different description on Saturday week.

'Tis pleasing in the extreme to watch the intense interest taken by our children in the evolutions of their elders on the ice. Johnny, who has spent the pocket-money intended for skates, has to slide, in abject poverty; whilst Alice looks on at the tumbles, and rubs her little hands with joy. "Oh, pa, there's another one in! Is he drowned, pa?"

WHILST on the subject of skating, it is scarcely a matter for congratulation, the absence of that "excellent gift of charity" shewn by those who assist at the revels in honour of the ice-king. The Royal Humane Society have worked long and arduously in their mission of rescue, and subsequent "tucking up," and dosing with hot and comforting drinks. *Twopence halfpenny*, collected last Saturday in the Regent's Park, can scarcely be called a generous answer to the appeal on the part of the "rescue" society.

"CATTLE Show Week" has passed off without any great harm to anybody, except perhaps to the "young man from the country," who may have been made the victim of the "confidence trick" in its Hydra-headed forms. The fair sex from the groves of Brompton and St. John's Wood, from the purlieus of Pimlico and elsewhere, are more than ever on the watch—and the *watcher*—this week for the unwary; whilst there is always a perceptible increase, about Cattle Show time, in the number of young men who loaf about our "show" places, and railway-stations, their pockets bursting with legacies from some deceased uncle of eccentric habits—which legacies they, out of sheer benevolence, are willing to share with anybody who has sufficient "confidence" to entrust them with a Bank of England note or two for ten minutes.

An enormous attendance was the result of the Cattle Show of the past week; a more than average collection of beasts, and sheep; whilst the porcine lot were the subject of universal commendation. If this commendation, which too often took the form of sticks and umbrellas, did not exactly "please the pigs," the pigs, at all events, pleased the multitude.

THE Aquarium is first in the field with its pantomime, which will be opened to the public gaze this (Saturday) afternoon. Miss Kate Phillips has been too long absent from burlesque, in these days when the *leg-itimate* drama has such play; and the name of "Charley" Collette, perhaps the best "all-round" actor we have at the present day, is sufficient to ensure us a first-class performance and a hearty laugh.

THE horses, poor things, have been having a bitter, bad, slippery time of it of late. Alternate rain and frost have served to render our roadways almost impassable. It would seem astonishing the fact of so few horses being "turned up" or "roughed" in time of frosty weather. A mistaken notion prevails that such processes are apt to injure, to break the horse's hoofs. Surely, even allowing such to be the case, it were better to injure his hoofs than lay him up for months by breaking his knees? There is no prettier sight than to watch an adept at the art of skating, be it male or female, going through evolutions on the ice—but to see a horse skating inspires us with mingled feelings of compunction for him, and animosity towards his owner.

At the best of times, though, the London horse's lines are laid in hard—and, moreover, slippery—places. The wooden pavements in wet weather are simply a disgrace, in their present state, to our boasted civilisation. We have a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Let them look to this; and speedily. Ludgate-hill, after a shower of rain, is especially dangerous. A load of sand, judiciously distributed, would prevent many falls, and much bad language.

WITH General Roberts by this time established at Jelalabad, surely now is the time for Shere Ali to draw in his horns—to make the *amende honorable*, and hob-nob with his late foes over a bottle of the best the country can afford at a Christmas dinner, to once more verify the truth of the sacred message of old—"Peace on earth, and goodwill to men!"

It is with unfeigned regret that we hear of the dangerous illness of Mdlle. Beatrice, but a short time since made the wife of Mr. Harvey, who was for so long a time her right-hand man. This lady, who first witched the London play-going world in *Frou-Frou*, can ill be spared from our histrionic ranks; and we wish her a speedy recovery.

(Continued on page 339).



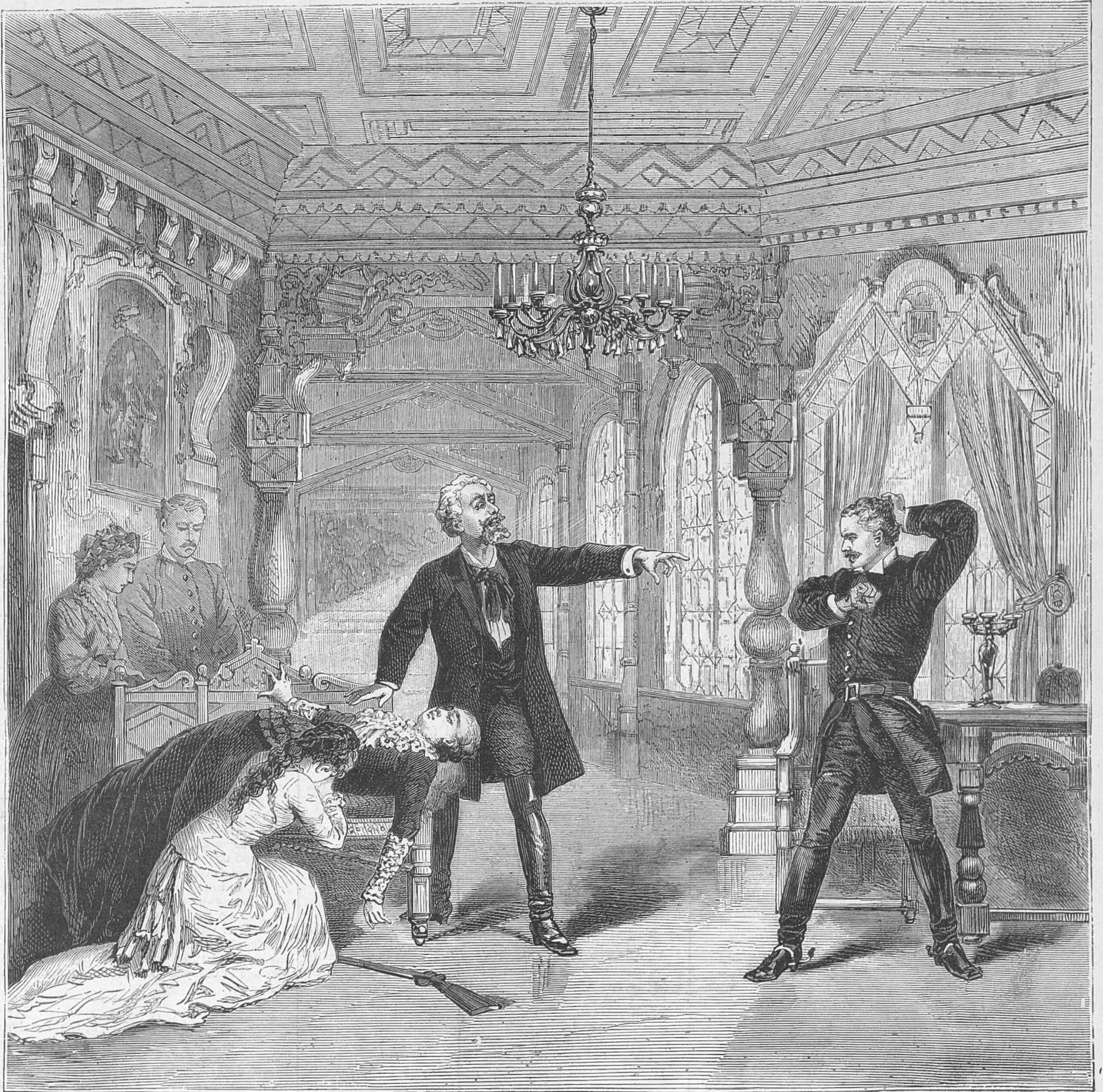
## THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed—in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL (December 5th).—This performance was given by members of some of the leading amateur clubs of London—the Betterton, Whittington, Stoke Newington, Maidenhead, Highbury, Melrose, Bees, Civil Service, Reform, Old Boys, London and Westminster, and others—for the benefit of Miss Pattie Bell, a lady who has now for some three or four years taken a prominent part in the performances of these clubs, and whose popularity seems well-merited and increasing. The screen scene from the *School for Scandal* and *Clancarty* were played. In the former Mr. W. Ashe Payne tried to act Sir Peter Teazle

with a big beard, while the Charles Surface (Mr. H. M. Harries) wore a large moustache and small whiskers, and even the Joseph (Mr. Lewis Lewis) had a slight moustache. Mr. W. Ashe Payne's performance was—well, very much what one would have expected from the beard; but Mr. Harries, though not brilliant, was better than one would have thought for from the moustache—he wanted dash and certainty; but he seemed naturally well-suited to the part, and his performance was, on the whole, an agreeable one. Mr. Lewis's Joseph deserved better surroundings—it seemed a most intelligent, quiet, and effective performance. Miss Pattie Bell I think I have seen to greater advantage; but, under the circumstances, it is hardly fair to give an opinion. Then came Tom Taylor's noble play, *Clancarty*—to which, if the amateurs had confined themselves, they would have shown quite sufficient ambition; its four long acts are terribly trying. Looking at the amateurs all round, I could not help reflecting what picked men our London actors are; comparing the three young men of the

original cast (Messrs. Neville, Vernon, and Fisher) with any here, I was astonished to note how in frame, voice, bearing, the actors eclipsed the amateurs. How was an amateur to get through a terrific part like *Clancarty* himself? Mr. A. George did his very best, and succeeded better than would nineteen amateurs out of twenty; but his performance entirely lacked the variety so requisite—he shouted from end to end. Still, he was earnest and manly, which is a good deal. The Earl of Portland (Mr. A. M. Stead) was unfortunately very funny to look at; his costume was certainly not a happy one, otherwise he was not bad. Mr. G. A. Tozer, as his son, Lord Woodstock, seemed intelligent enough, but the part did not suit him, a remark which applies still more strongly to the Lord Spencer of Mr. C. W. Courtney. I have seen this gentleman act so remarkably well, that I was sorry to see him in a part so thankless and so entirely out of his line. In the splendid little part of the King, Mr. A. R. Ayers was as dignified and as pathetic, his elocution was as just and as natural, as could possibly have been



LAST SCENE IN ACT V. FROM 'LA PRINCESSE BOROWSKA,' BY M. PIERRE NEWSKI, AT THE THEATRE DE L'AMBIGU, PARIS.

wished; and Mr. W. Barnard astonished me by the vigour he threw into "Scum" Goodman's great scene—an excessively trying one for any actor. Mr. E. Maurice played Hunt, the landlord, very well indeed; and Mr. W. Bramall was a satisfactory Gille. Miss Pattie Bell found in Lady Clancarty a character which suited her extremely well—beyond a little hardness of voice in one or two speeches. I do not know of any fault which I can find with her performance, which was, and naturally, received with great enthusiasm. Miss May Stuart showed that she needed nothing but a little more experience to make a delightful Lady Betty Noel; and Miss D. Change was a capital Susannah. Finally, no character in the whole piece was better done than Miss Marlborough's Mother Hunt.

CROYDON (Theatre Royal, December 6th).—The first portion of this performance, *A Quiet Family*, went off very briskly, chiefly because of the unusual goodness of the Barnaby Bibbs, Mr. G. J. B. Jackson; his "business" was excellent and thoroughly worked out, his fun very genuine, and his knowledge

of the stage really remarkable. Miss E. Wiber very ably seconded him as Mrs. Barnaby, acting with much energy, and making all that possibly could be made of the part. Miss Jessie Anstiss was a pleasant Mrs. Benjamin, and Miss Nelly Williams an effective Snarley; but Mr. H. J. Page, though not bad as Peter Parker, was a little nervous; and Mr. F. Seaward, as Benjamin, confined his entire attention to his toes. Then came *Love Wins*—a play so shockingly weak that amateurs, of all people, should not attempt to struggle through it. Those of Croydon did their best, but fate was altogether too much for them, although Miss Anstiss played the heroine charmingly, and Miss Wiber was full of vivacity in a part deliberately plagiarised from Naomi Tighe (of *School*). Miss Williams, too, did all that there was to be done with Mrs. Hurst; but the principal male character, Professor Lobelia, became very monotonous in the hands of Mr. C. G. Weller. The Hon. Tom Leverton (Mr. E. Roffey) seemed a little uncomfortable, but his acting was natural and characteristic; and Arthur Dalton (Mr. G. H. Hunt) was weak rather

than bad. To Mr. G. C. Hyde, who sailed in a stately manne through the part of Reginald Dalton, Esq., I could not do justice in less than a column; and I have not a column to spare. His was a wavy performance, chastely accompanied with appropriate actions of the arms and hands—in a word very like a shawl dance. *The Rosebud of Stinging-Nettle Farm*, for which I did not stay, concluded the entertainment.

ROMANY, St. George's Hall (December 7th).—This, the first performance of the ninth season of this famous club, showed how invaluable to amateurs is a good professional stage-manager; Mr. Coe superintended the "Romanys," and the result was an evening really enjoyable. In *The Bengal Tiger* the honours were naturally carried off by Miss Agnes Sullivan, whose Miss Yellowleaf was a most forcible, thoughtful, and artistic performance—perhaps with just a little too much elaboration of detail, but still extremely telling on the whole. Miss Emily Rydell played her small part well, and looked charming. Mr. Edmeades Milne's Sir Paul was extremely careful, thoroughly sensible, and in no



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should be awarded. The official return up to five o'clock showed that 14,526 had passed the turnstiles; by seven o'clock they had been augmented to 23,721, and on Friday, the last day of the show, the number of visitors recorded brought the aggregate to something like 120,000. During the morning the sales of the prize animals were somewhat more lively than on the preceding days, but still a great many of them remain unsold. In the pig classes Her Majesty's pen of white Berks has been sold to Mr. Palethorpe, of Dudley, and her second pen to Mr. Hedges, of Birmingham. The Earl of Radnor's pen of the Coleshill breed found a purchaser in Mr. W. Martell, of St. John's Wood.

The subjects our artist has selected for illustration are the following:—1. One of Mr. A. Morrison's Hampshire Downs. 2. One of Mr. S. Smith's Cotswolds. 3. Mr. R. Stratton's Shorthorn. 4. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Scotch steer. 5. Mr. R. Wortley's Hereford steer. 6. Earl of Radnor's Coleshill and Compton breed. 7. Mr. A. Ingram's large white pig. 8. Lord Chesham's Berkshire pigs.

#### "LA PRINCESSE BOROWSKA."

This drama, in five acts, by M. Pierre Newski, has lately been represented at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu, Paris, and the drawing we this week publish represents Regine, who has just returned from hunting, and received the news of her husband's arrival. At first she thinks of escaping by the advice of Wanda. Seized with remorse, she determines to die. Ladislav urges her to leave with him, and she leads him to believe that she will do so; but on the entrance of her husband a minute afterwards, she discharges her gun and expires.

#### "TRAFALGAR" AT THE CANTERBURY HALL.

The Canterbury Hall, as a place of public entertainment standing midway between the theatre and the music-hall, combines many of the attractions of the former with only the best and more refined features of the latter—from which, were it not for the fact that smoking is permitted, it might stand out altogether distinct. Its ballets are unsurpassed for scenic splendour, richness of costume, and fantastic variety in the arrangement of the dances; and the evening's entertainment, however numerous and diverse its features, never degenerates into the coarse, slangy, vulgar, and indecent buffoonery which degrades most establishments of the music-hall kind, rendering them altogether unfit for the attendance of any but males of the lowest and most worthless type. A considerable portion of an evening at the Canterbury is now devoted to an entertainment of an altogether superior tone and character, in which music, dancing, and artistic scenic and panoramic effects hold prominent places, under the title of "Trafalgar," a combination of picturesque groupings, costumes, incidents, and scenes allied with the glorious career of our great naval hero, Nelson, produced under the able superintendence of Mr. E. Villiers. The opening shows us Nelson's flag-ship, the Victory, leaving Agincourt Sound in search of the enemy. We see the canvas unfurled, and follow the noble vessel as she rounds Stromboli, which, during that night, "burned," as Nelson said, "very strongly." We trace her swiftly-pursuing course in panoramic and dioramic effects until she reaches the Island of Madeira, and then follow her out into the broad Atlantic. Thence we are conveyed to Antigua, which we reach at sunset, and passing Loblolly Point, Rat Island, and Fort James, have the satisfaction of seeing how the noble admiral saved not only our colonies, but upwards of 200 laden merchant ships, which, but for that timely arrival, would have fallen into the enemy's hands. We next view the British fleet at anchor off Gibraltar, where, for the first time since June 16th, 1803, Nelson went ashore, having been on ship-board for two years all but ten days. In the market-place of Gibraltar, with all its bustle and confusion of vendors and purchasers, British marines in their old-world costume, and British tars, mixed up with picturesquely-dressed peasants, we find a group of Moorish dancers, who favour us with some prettily-devised character dancing, in which daggers flash to and fro with alarming rapidity, and Mdlles. Ada, Phyllis, Broughton, and Florence Powell are as active, graceful, and energetic as heart could desire. Thence we again follow the Victory to England, arriving by night at Portsmouth, where the sea-worn veterans and hardy young tars (all personated by boys) land, and are recklessly jolly and wildly uproarious, drinking, laughing, dancing, singing, sweet-heating, playing tricks on the pedlars, and so on, in the most approved fashion of tars ashore in the olden times. But there is a sudden alarm and summons to sea, culminating in a forcibly-realised tableau of Nelson's departure for the Victory. Through a storm in the chops of the Channel, and over a calm sea by moonlight, the Victory speeds away into the open sea, to find the combined fleet at Cadiz, where we have a pause to enjoy the beauties of the Palace Gardens, and some Spanish dances by the *corps de ballet*. This ended Part I. In Part II. we witness on board the Victory the routine duties of the fleet, including the morning drill of the marines, which the lads representing them go through with a degree of regularity, promptness to the word, and vigour of action heartily deserving the thunders of applause which arose from time to time. Not less creditable was the way in which the cutlass drill was gone through. The appearance of the enemy, the clearing the decks for action, with the other various preparations for giving him a warm reception, are all energetically and systematically conducted, and presently the action commences, to terminate amidst the roaring of guns, rattling of musketry, explosions and crashes, &c., &c., with the scene of which Mr. Friston has given us a very faithful and spirited drawing.

#### A FANCY FAIR AT HATCHAM.

Up to a very recent date we will candidly confess that our opinion on the subject of Church Bazaars was at zero. Apart from the theological aspect of the question we had always regarded them as flat and stale, though, of course, not unprofitable—to the promoters. But a recent visit to one at All Saints', Hatcham, in aid of the Institute Building Fund, has somewhat altered our views.

If any complaint existed with reference to this particular bazaar it must have been on the score of its too excessive liveliness. On the occasion in question we entered a spacious building, tastefully decorated with a profusion of bunting and flags and paper flowers, the sides and end of the room being devoted to stalls, on which were displayed fancy articles of every conceivable kind; an admirable string band was playing lively music, and before we had proceeded many paces we were literally besieged by a bevy of decidedly rice-looking girls, who winningly requested us to take a chance for a pair of slippers, a sofa cushion, a group of wax flowers, a harmonium, a five o'clock tea service, a pair of oil paintings, and, comically enough, even a packet of some wonderful new needles from Redditch, now an attractive novelty of the needle market, which the fair vendor assured us as a matter within her own experience embodied improvements which, although they had been vainly sought for upwards of a hundred years, had but recently been patented by the inventors, Messrs. Thomas and Scns. So touchingly did these fair damsels plead for their respective wares that none but the most wary could possibly have escaped without disbursing sundry shillings. Before we had been subjected very long to this wholesale bleeding, a gong sounded, and a gentleman with enviable lungs invited us to "Walk up, walk up, and see Jarvis's celebrated

collection o' wax-works and moving models, persided over by that model showman, Purfessur Jarvis hisself." With a sigh of relief (we had been relieved of a considerable amount of silver) we took refuge in the show thoroughly expecting a sell, in which respect, however, we were disappointed. Round the room were ranged the various figures, each enclosed in a separate compartment, and hidden from view by curtains which were drawn aside by the Professor, one at a time, when a sufficient audience had assembled for the performance to begin. The professor's lecture is sufficiently funny to justify reproduction, so here it follows:—

"Fust I has to intruduse to yer astonish gaze a life-like heffigy of the renowned Thomas a Buckett, harchbishop o' Canterbury. This here gentleman is here attired in his full canonicles, a holdin' up his fingers deliverin' of his blessin'. He was, in his hearly days, in the rain of King William the Konkeror, assistant soup distributor to Ratcliff Workus, after which, in the rain of Henry the Eight he got to be harchbishop. He got such power that the King got jealous of him, and let fall a 'asty expreshun at breakfast one mornin' as how he wished someone would rid him of this 'ere turbulunc priest, upon which straightway accordin' three Knights of the Stocking—I should say Garter—rode hafter 'im and catchin' him on the halter of Canterbury Cathedral. They nocked out his brains with that there hax which he now 'olds in his 'and—that there is the identical hax with which the direful deed of woe was did; the British Museum have offered me a thousand pound for that there 'ammer. He was called Thomas a Buckett in consequent upon 'is strong tetotle prinsipuls; he was the founder of the United Kingdom Alliance and the Band o' Hope, and he halso wrote several capital drinking songs.

"Now you have seen that, and the next shall be suthin' else. Here is a page of French 'istory—Joan o' Hark, Maid o' Orleans (this 'ere one is made of wax). This 'ere gal was a French one, and was a feedin' of her flocks upon the Grampion Hill w'en suddinkly a divine mission comes from 'Even as how she was to ride a cock-horse at the 'ed of a big army, and scout the Henglish what was then enjoyin' of themselves upon the fat of the land, which she straightway put hon a suit of male (altho' she was a shemale), and straightway did accordin'; but the Henglish got 'old on her, and they tried 'er for bein' a witch, and burnt 'er on a fire, which so 'urt her feelin's that she died o' heart disease. She was called Joan o' Hark in consequent upon her always harkin' to everything, but I don't credit it. What I believe is, she was a direct lineal ancestor of Noah what built the hark—howsomever that's neither here nor there, as my mother said w'en I'd eaten the puddin'.

"Now, the next is suthink different—viz., a bit of exploration 'istory—Alexander Selkirk, Esq., Q.C., M.P., F.R.S., A.S.S., &c., &c.—Robinson Crusoe of late renown. Behold his bearskin 'at, his goatskin coat, his possum-skin arm bits, his hainshunt humbrella, and 'is many pistols, guns, sabres, choppers, and all like things. Behold the foot-print in the sand—must 'ave been a black man made it 'cos it's left a black mark upon the sand; but how on earth that there footprint got there goodness knows, as there is no footprints a leadin' up to it, nor none a goin' away from it. This 'ere fellow, has you all kno', if you read your almanocks correct, was landed on the Isle o' Dogs all alone, with nuthin' to eat and nuthin' to drink except an old Wellington boot and the top o' his 'at. He suffered much deprivation, and got considerable skinny, but, howsomever, he managed to exist for many hundred years all alone, till a ship took him off, and then he came 'ome, and found as how his wife 'ad committed bigamy.

"Now the next is a very histerical character. Come for'ard my little children, and learn your English 'istory by the light of Jarvis's Waxwork Show. Behold 'ere King Richard III. a stuffication of the infunks in the Tower; behold the little infunks a slumberin' peacefully on their placid piller, doubtless a dreamin' of going to Sanger's Circus to-morrow—you must not laugh; this is not a comic show. Behold the great tirunk himself a holdin' up the piller with which he's goin' to obliterate their breath, and in case the piller fails in hits deadly mishun, he's a dadger in his coat with which he's a goin' to let daylight into their little corpses. Cast your hoptics in this direchun, and notus the crown on his 'ed and also the waving ringlets; that there front curl I purchased for a trifle of the notorious Earl of Bunkum'sfield.

"Now the next thing on the role of fame is a North American Indian chief; his Christian name is Ti-wack-a-tanshoeshackackonfire-a-hungit-a-haushee-a-niveroo—his surname is considerable longer. This 'ere gentleman is wonderful fleet of foot; he has been known to chase the bison across the boundless billows of the prairie for fifteen months at a stretch, and never catch him after all, without having bit or sup. Excuse me a-reaching in front o' you, mum (as the man said on board the boat w'en he was a goin' to feed the fishes), and I will dore the curing and show you hall a bit of corporashun 'istory. This is Dick Whittington and 'is cat; he is a sittin' out at the milestone at Highgate (five miles from London. I've measured it myself with a foot ruler). This is a 'ilely mechanical figure, and w'en he 'eres the bell a tinnabulate, he turns round his 'ed fancying he's hearin' Bow bells a sayin', 'Turn over 'ed and 'eels again, thrice Lord Mayor o' London,' which he straightway did accordin'. W'en I touch a spring under the chin of the figure he'll eat his lunch in a marvellous manner, and he will also at the wurd of command role his eye in a menign and dignified manner. Role your hie. Perceive him a rolin' of his hie. This ere figure cost me a thousand pound; the motive power is electricity, the secret only known to myself, and cost me many a sleepless night to perfect.

"Now the next is a page of hancient mythology—Janus, the double-'eded god of wore an' o' pease. On the one side you behold the hattitude of wore, and on the tother a puffect representation of pease. This 'ere figure rotates upon his own axletree at the wurd of command. May we never not have no wore, and may we alwus be blest with pease and plerty (of bacon).

"Now, lad'es and gentlemen, you'll all have to kindly circulate, so that everybody wot's paid can see everything; exceed the *Daily Telegraph*, and be the largest circulation in the world. I've got to show you one thing more, but before I dore the curtin' must axe you all to compoge your manly bussoms—there is nothink 'ere will 'urt you; there is nothink 'ere will 'arm you; neither is there nothink 'ere will shock the most fastigious mind—one thing more and only, I say, which is to wit, that is namely, i.e., the chamber o' 'orors. These are two o' the heads of Bluebeard's wives; hon the rite 'and side is the 'ed of Fatima, she was the 47 wife of the great tirunk; she was about two minutes too late with his breakfast, so he spote off her 'ed at once. The other is the lovely and accomplished Abiolima, who suffered her death in consequent upon her blowin' the candle hout instead of usin' the extinguisher, which the smell so offended her husband that he took off 'er 'ed an' 'ung it hup has a warnin' to all. This 'ere is the werry identical spitte with which the direful deed of woe was did. I bought it off Calcraft myself. There is a 'ilely moral lesson to be learnt from this 'ere family group, viz.: 'Now all you young ladies take warning: be shure never not by no means nohow offend of your governor.' Now, my little boy, I think you've had your sixpenn'orth; if you'll let someone helse have a look. Come for'ard, my little dear; you've paid your tanner, and has a puffect rite to see—look your fill, look your sixpenn'orth.

"The way hout is the same way you comed hin. Go out and tell your aunt, mammas, papas, uncles, sister, brothers, and

mother-in-laws all about it." And with these words the professor, personated by Mr. Thornbury, retired with dignified silence.

#### JEALOUSY.

Our artist's story is so effectively and forcibly told that it leaves little for the writer's pen. An English artist, travelling in Italy, has put up at a road-side hostelry, where his attentions to the pretty young hostess are received with anything but amiable feelings on the part of a masculine on-looker, whose nipped lips, scowling brow, and fierce eyes presage a coming storm, of which the lightning flash may be a dagger's sheen.

#### HUNTING IN CANADA.

PILOT, winner of the Montreal Hunt Cup, October 3, 1878, is a half-bred chestnut gelding, aged, 16 hands, and was winner of three steeplechases and second in a flat race at the Montreal Hunt Steeplechases, held in Montreal on October 1st and 3rd, viz., The Green Steeplechase, for horses that never won a steeplechase or hurdle-race, two miles, carrying 10st 11lb, beating Maggie and Audubon. 2nd. Half-bred Steeplechase, two miles, carrying 11st 9lb, beating Galatea, Dilemma, and Fusilier. 3rd. Hunt Cup, three miles, carrying 12st, beating Moonstone, Dilemma, and Fusilier. 4th. Hunters' Flat Race, two miles, carrying 11st 4lb, came in second, beaten by Audubon; also ran Maggie and Dilemma. Pilot was the property of Mr. James O'Brien, and ridden by Mr. Penniston, who, after having done so well, fell while riding his own horse Rival in the Open Steeple Chase, and unfortunately broke his arm: Pilot is at present owned by Mr. J. R. Hutchins (who is riding him in the sketch), the worthy secretary of the Montreal Foxhound Club.

#### A STRAY.

If a horse gets loose on the prairies of Colorado he is sometimes lost and free for months, and travels from one place to another, and is at once recognised by all as "a stray," by his lost look, always as if he was on the look-out for some one. He roves about from ranche to ranche in search of water, staying sometimes three or four weeks in the vicinity of the same ranche, where he comes regularly once a day to quench his thirst at a spring when there happens to be one, or at a trough filled from a well, often eighty feet deep, the water being drawn by a pump worked by a windmill. In the sketch behind "the stray" is a dog town—a lot of small mounds, the home of the prairie dog, who is seen running about. He enters by a hole on a level with the ground, and dug downwards. He always makes his retreat in company, never a single mound. Besides himself a small brown owl takes up his abode in the same hole, and is seen part of the day sitting at its mouth or on top of the mound. Not unfrequently the rattle-snake is another inmate of the same hole.

FULL particulars will be found in our advertisement columns of the Grand Military and Household Brigade Steeplechases, which will take place at Sandown Park under the Grand National Hunt Rules, on March 7th and 8th.

#### RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

—For the convenience of those who may wish to obtain information or procure tickets beforehand, the South Western Company will keep open its West-end office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly, circus, till 11 p.m. on Friday, 20th, Saturday, 21st, Monday, 23rd, and Tuesday, 24th December, for the sale of tickets to all stations, including Weymouth, Exeter, Plymouth (direct route), Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Southampton, Cowes, Newport, Stoke's Bay, &c.

The Winter Exhibition of Painters in Water Colours at the gallery in Pall Mall is one of varied interest and of a very attractive character.

The funeral of Mr. Alfred Wigan on Saturday last at Kensal Green Cemetery was a very quiet one, and of a very simple character. There was no special demonstration. Mr. Gordon Wigan was chief mourner.

At the Westminster Schools on Thursday week the *Pharmio* of Terrence was produced with fairly good effect.

A LICENSE was granted with unanimous readiness to the New Rotunda Theatre at Liverpool.

ON Tuesday Mr. John Baum, the late lessee of Cremorne-gardens, and John Evans, solicitor, appeared in answer to adjourned summonses charging them with forgery and fraud, but as no fresh facts were elicited, the case was again adjourned.

The successful trial of the electric light on the Thames Embankment has been promptly followed by an equally satisfactory display on the Holborn Viaduct.

MR. W. H. CHIPPENDALE, when bidding farewell to the stage in Edinburgh, said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—One of the most painful duties which one has to perform is to take farewell of those who for a long period of years have helped and encouraged us. It was shortly after the battle of Waterloo that I first commenced my career in this town. I have met with many kind friends here, and I may mention especially John and James Ballantyne, with whom in my youth I was apprenticed. I have had a long and arduous professional career, and the time has now come when it is fitting that one of my years should retire from the exercise of his calling, and devote attention to the thought of a future life. That eminent writer, Sir Walter Scott, put into the mouth of John Kemble some words that I may be permitted to use on the present occasion:—

'As the worn war horse, at the trumpet's sound,  
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—  
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,  
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,  
So I, your plaudits ringing in mine ear,  
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near.'

That parting has, however, come, and I have to thank you for the kind encouragement with which you have favoured me during my past career. Although I am now leaving the stage, Mrs. Chippendale will continue to act, I hope, for a few years yet. Our thanks are due to the management for the way in which our plays have been produced. I am reminded that I am getting on in life, and that

—'higher duties crave

Some space between the theatre and the grave.'  
I have therefore now to bid you a most hearty farewell."

We trust Mr. Chippendale will not leave London playgoers without a last farewell.

SOZODONT.—The peerless liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scurf from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whiteness such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Bad Teeth, Tobacco, Spirits, or catarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the Name SOZODONT on the label, box, and bottle.—[ADVT.]

ANOTHER CURE OF COLD AND SORE THROAT (this week) BY DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—Dec. 2, 1878. Mr. Wilkinson, Chemist, 35, Watson-street, Birkenhead, writes:—"Mr. Ravenscroft (a neighbour of mine) the other day took cold and sore throat, and was quite cured by one box."—Sold at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., per box.—[ADVT.]





A Great Teetotal Saint  
THOMAS A BUCKLEY



Richard the Third a smotherin' on the babies



THE INDIAN CHIEF



Jaun of Hark!



a newcomer.  
Decidedly Perplexing



The Oracle of  
"Peuse and Wore."



LICK WHITTINGTON with the costume and  
bread & cheese of the Period.  
view of Highgate in the background.



Robinson Crusoe & the real original footprint



THE Chamber of Horrors



THE Showman





§ from Sketches  
by A. G. Campbell  
Lubbe.

"A STRAY"



"PILOT." Winner of the Montreal Hunt Cup. of the Montreal Fox Hunt.



## MUSIC.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THIS afternoon *Carmen* will be performed at Her Majesty's Opera, and with the performance of *Oberon* this evening, that establishment will close for awhile; to be re-opened on the 25th of next month by Mr. Carl Rosa for a season of English opera. The season which will close to-night has, a second time, illustrated the increased and increasing popularity of music amongst all classes of society. The reduction of prices, and the abolition of those absurd restrictions as to dress which prevail during the regular summer season, might be expected to alienate the patronage of fashionable society; but an opposite result was observable, for Her Majesty's Theatre has been largely patronised by the aristocracy during this season; and the house has generally worn a brilliant appearance. As a matter of fact, almost all the frequenters of the stalls, boxes, and dress-circle have contrived to appear in evening dress, and the new regulations have conferred privileges by which only a few have profited. The attendances have been large, and we have reason to believe that the season has been commercially successful, beyond the expectations of the management. Great praise is due to Mr. Armit, the deputy-manager, who has achieved success in spite of disadvantages. At the beginning of the season it was evident that for the sake of securing success in America Mr. Mapleson had deprived Her Majesty's Opera of many of its best resources. The choristers left behind, or freshly engaged, were far from satisfactory; the principal tenor and bass rôles were entrusted to unattractive artists. Choruses were insufficiently rehearsed, and the wardrobe was occasionally unworthy of the theatre. By degrees improvements were effected, and operas which were often repeated became familiar to the new recruits, and were worthily performed. It must be admitted, however, that Her Majesty's Opera has this season been scantily furnished with the materials necessary for success, and that the success of the "cheap price" system will be imperilled unless a wiser liberality should on future occasions be exhibited.

The only novelty of importance produced during the season was Weber's *Oberon*, which was brought out last Saturday week, with Madame Pappenheim as Rezia, Madame Trebelli as Fatima, Madame Bauermeister as the Mermaid, Miss Purdy as Puck, Signor Gillandi as Sir Huon, Signor Carrion as Oberon, and Signor Mendioroz as Scherastin. This cast could not of course be compared with that formerly presented at Her Majesty's Opera, when Mesdames Titiens, Albani, Rose Hersee, and Trebelli; MM. Sims Reeves, Bettini, and Santley took the parts above named; but Madame Pappenheim sang the exacting music assigned to her in a style which left little to be desired; Madame Trebelli fairly earned the encores awarded to her two solos; Madame Bauermeister sang the Mermaid's song with excellent taste, and Miss Purdy, as Puck, appeared to greater advantage than on any previous occasion. None of the three gentlemen above-named was equal to his task. The best of them was Signor Gillandi, who displayed unaccustomed vigour in Sir Huon's well-known scena. Signor Carrion's voice was pitifully weak. Signor Mendioroz was inaudible in the quartet, and was anything but a lively Scherastin. The choruses went fairly well, and the instrumentation was satisfactorily rendered. Some of the new scenery, especially a view of Bagdad, merited praise; but the "ocean scene" was rendered ludicrous by the monotonous movements of four sets of waves exactly alike in pattern. The decorations were perhaps as good as could be expected so near the end of the season, but were hardly worthy of the occasion. The opera was enthusiastically greeted by the large audience, to most of whom it was probably quite new. Despite the weakness and absurdity of the plot, *Oberon*, like *Die Zauberflöte*, is so richly adorned with delightful music that it must always fill listeners with gratification, and its revival at Her Majesty's Opera is one of the most meritorious features in the history of the season which will close to-night.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

*Moses in Egypt*, as the English oratorio founded on Rossini's Biblical opera, *Mosè in Egitto*, is entitled, was performed last week by the Sacred Harmonic Society for the second time. The first performance took place last spring, and on that occasion we entered fully into the merits of the work. It will not be necessary to travel once more over familiar ground; but we may venture to say that this second hearing of *Moses in Egypt* strengthened the conviction that it has few if any of the characteristics which belong to oratorio music. Mr. Arthur Matthison, mindful of his "growing dramatic reputation," has carefully preserved the dramatic element in his English version of Tottola's libretto, and has vainly attempted to impart a really religious tone by frequent references to the Deity. His chief successes have been made in writing the love passages between Anais and Amenophis, and it is these passages which secure the loudest applause, if we except the famous prayer, "Dal tuo stellato soglio," which has long been a popular piece in concert programmes. The oratorio was performed better on the second occasion than previously, the choruses were sung with greater precision, the orchestra was less demonstrative than usual, and the part of Moses, previously taken by a German barytone, whose pronunciation of English was simply exasperating, was on this occasion assigned to Mr. Santley, who was in good voice, and did ample justice to his task. Madames Sherrington, Enequist, and Elton, MM. Lloyd and Cummings resumed their former rôles, and MM. Bridson, Hilton, and Bernard Lane were efficient as Pharaoh, Osiris, and Ophis. Madame Sherrington was in excellent voice, and obtained well-deserved applause; Mr. Lloyd carried off the chief honours by his splendid singing in the duet with Anais, delivering exceptionally high notes with a facility which startled the listener. Sir Michael Costa conducted, and the performance was in all respects creditable to the Sacred Harmonic Society.

## OPERA COMIQUE THEATRE.

A new musical piece, entitled *After All*, written by Mr. Frank Desprez, and composed by Mr. Alfred Cellier, was produced at the Opera Comique Theatre on Monday last, with unmistakable success. The plot is simple, and the piece is almost a duologue between Selworthy (Mr. R. Temple) and Pennyfather (Mr. R. Barrington). The former, after adventures in Mexico and elsewhere, has returned to England with a considerable fortune, which he longs to lay at the feet of his first love, Miss Perdita Price. Unable to find her, he consults his old schoolfellow, Pennyfather, who has developed into a prosperous solicitor. He has been seven years married, and his wife is a scold and a glutton, whose temper gets worse, and whose weight grows heavier every day. It is, therefore, with only a feeble show of delight that he responds to the fervent congratulations of Selworthy, who pictures married life as the acme of bliss. The latter accidentally discovers that it is Perdita whom Pennyfather has married, and homicidal plans flit across his brain. He becomes gradually disenchanted as he learns how Perdita has changed. The sweet-voiced angel has become a shrill-tongued vixen, with whom no domestic will stay a week; the sylph-like Perdita now weighs over thirteen stone, yet persists in supping every night on pork chops

and stout. She returns unexpectedly, and is heard disputing fiercely with a cabman. Selworthy steps into the balcony. One glance at his lost love is enough. Impressively assuring Pennyfather of his complete forgiveness, he takes a hasty departure, and leaves Pennyfather to the enjoyment of his conjugal bliss. The dialogue is smartly written, and awakened frequent laughter. The piece was well acted by MM. Barrington and Temple and Miss Jessie Bond, the servant Maria.

Mr. Cellier's music is not remarkably original, but is pleasant and characteristic. The duet, "Do you remember?" and the song, "It's all along of Missis," were highly successful. The barytone song, "My love, I loved her" (Mr. Temple), was inappropriate in character, but may probably be successful as a concert song. *After All* will not add greatly to Mr. Cellier's reputation, but it is a lively trifle which will strengthen the Opera Comique programme.

The recent Eisteddfod at Carnarvon appears to have been attended with a success which reflects credit on the zeal and ability of its originator, Mr. W. Jarrett Roberts (Pencerdd Eifion), principal of the North Wales Academy of Music. His son, Master J. Jarrett Roberts, who gained the medal and a gratuity for pianoforte playing, is a musical prodigy, only eight years of age, and he won the prize by a fine performance of Beethoven's sonata, No. 49. The Carnarvon fife and drum band carried off the prize given by Mr. Owen Jones, Castle square; Mr. Hartmann, of the Nantlle Brass Band, won the silver-plated cornet awarded by Messrs. Besson to the leader of the best brass band; the Carnarvon String Band took the 10-guinea prize in their class; Mr. J. Williams, their conductor, winning Messrs. Bauer's harmonium as the best performer on that instrument; Mr. E. Davies (Carnarvon) was adjudged the best euphonium player; Mr. W. Jones (Llanrwst) the best flautist; and to Master J. Jarrett Roberts was awarded Messrs. Forsyth's prize as a pianist. The Segontium Glee Party won in the competition for choirs not exceeding 20 voices; Mr. W. Lewis (Llanberis), Mr. J. W. Williams (Carnarvon), Miss Evans (Aberdovey), and Miss Catherine Morris (Penygroes), taking chief honours as solo vocalists. Mr. H. Edwards was the winner of Messrs. Howard's violin for the best violinist, and Mr. W. Jones, Baptist-street, Carnarvon, won the prize as a solo harpist. A prize of £3 3s. was awarded to the Pandref choir for singing the tune "Liverpool." The Llyfawr Brass Band took the 5-guinea prize for playing "The lover and the bird." Canon Evans, D.D., vicar of Carnarvon, presided in the afternoon; Sir Llewelyn Turner, who was announced as the chairman of the opening meeting, did not put in an appearance. At night there was a concert, Miss Cordelia Edwards, Mdle. Sabel, Eos Mai, Telynores Cybi, being the principals. In the course of the evening a presentation of a conductor's bâton was made by Mr. Jarrett Roberts to Mr. Owen Griffith (Eryr Eryri), the leader of the Waenfawr choir at the Birkenhead Eisteddfod.

Mr. Sims Reeves, having met with a severe accident to his right knee on Saturday last, was unable to appear in the Ballad Opera at Covent Garden on that evening, and his place was supplied, at short notice, by Mr. Wilford Morgan, who, as Tom Tug in *The Waterman*, sang and acted with the greatest success, receiving enthusiastic encores for "The Jolly Young Waterman" and the "Bay of Biscay," and also the honour of a call before the curtain at the end of the opera.

## THE DRAMA.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

No play of recent years deserves and calls for careful criticism more than the adaptation of *Les Fourchambault*, now being played at the Haymarket Theatre, under the title of *The Crisis*. Our readers must, by this time, be familiar with the salient features of the story originally told by M. Emile Augier, and reproduced by Mr. Albery, and will be able to follow us in our remarks upon the English author's execution of his difficult task without the repetition of the fable here. Let us say, at the outset, that *The Crisis* is one of the most substantial and interesting pieces which have been produced for years; and if our criticism of the details of its author's workmanship appear to wear an air of fault-finding, it is because his play is one which deserves to be judged by a high standard.

Theoretically Mr. Albery was wrong in transferring to English ground the very French story which he had to tell; but from the point of view of a practical playwright we think he exercised a wise discretion. The essentially foreign nature of the story was a difficulty which there was no evading. The result is, to an English audience, an air of unreality, which is the great defect of the play; but it is a result which, under any treatment, was inevitable. The next great fault of the comedy is its unevenness. *The Crisis* is not a piece which gradually gets hold of the spectator, and having hold of him does with him what he wills; it is, on the contrary, a piece which alternately lays hold of him and drops him. Fortunately for its fate, it happens to hold him in its firmest grasp a very few minutes before the fall of the curtain. This second fault is one which cannot any more than the first be laid to the charge of Mr. Albery, for it is equally characteristic of the original work. Nor can we agree with those critics who have found fault with the author for softening down the betrayal of Mrs. Goring by the conventional expedient of an informal marriage, whilst retaining the much more prominent incident of the aspersions of the virtue of his heroine. Mr. Albery has been accused of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel; but his motives are as obvious as his dilemma. He had to deal with two unpleasant points. Had he been free to choose, no doubt he would have sacrificed the more offensive; but that, unfortunately, was essential to the plot—so Mr. Albery expunged the other, which was not. Because a camel is thrust down one's throat, one is not bound to swallow gnats and all. Moreover, it is scarcely fair to criticise an English playwright's treatment of these moral questions; it should be remembered that he has to consider not what is artistic, but what will be permitted by the Chamberlain. For this reason we will only allude in passing to the painfully insufficient evidence upon which the heroine is accused. It is impossible to say how far Mr. Albery has been hampered in his treatment of the most important incident in his piece by considerations of official prudery.

The third conspicuous fault which is to be found with *The Crisis* admits of an easy rectification. Enough has been written about the too public preferment, in the third act, of the accusation to which we have alluded. It is rather a very grave indiscretion in the author's stage-management of his characters than in the construction of his play. A much more serious, because irremediable, defect is the thoroughly commonplace and uninteresting character of Mr. Denham. Little has been said about this, but it strikes us as a radical weakness in the story. Denham is the foundation of the whole play, in which he is a very minor character. It is difficult to believe that Mrs. Goring has ever been in love with so feeble a creature. If more had been made of Mr. Denham, if he were not so completely reconciled to his position, if he evinced a keener appreciation of the superiority of the woman he has lost over the woman he has won, if it were possible to feel the slightest interest in his present, past, or future, the drama

would have been much stronger than it is. There is a similar but less conspicuous weakness in the character of John Goring. Notwithstanding his sarcastic speeches and his bursts of manly passion, in spite of all his modesty and generosity, there is about him an air of the good boy who always does what his mamma bids him. His noble actions do not seem to be spontaneous. He is good, not because he believes in goodness—indeed, he appears rather inclined to be rebellious and naughty—but because his mother continually coaxes him into a dutiful frame of mind. And when the author, following M. Augier, makes him believe in the truth of the very calumnies which he so bitterly denounces, the weakness of his character is placed beyond a doubt. It is the province of the critic to judge what has been done rather than to suggest what might have been; but we cannot help wishing that Mr. Albery had seen his way so to manipulate the famous quarrel as to make John Goring urge the marriage of young Denham to Miss Burnside, not for the conventional patching-up of a seduction, but for the genuine human reason that (as Goring thinks) she loves him. If, finding she did not, Goring had then declared his own long-cherished passion and full confidence in Haidee, in her tribulation, the man would have redeemed himself from feebleness, and the author need not have inflicted upon the lady the disagreeable necessity of herself proposing to this bashful hero. Surely, the plight to which Miss Burnside was reduced, was a heaven-sent opportunity which should at last have loosened Goring's tongue. Up to this point, his modesty has been a virtue; now it becomes a weakness.

So much for what we hold to be the striking faults of Mr. Albery's play. The occasional occurrence of coarse lines and unnatural figures of speech is a matter of detail, which detracts but little from the general brightness and appropriateness of the dialogue. We wish that we had space to speak more fully of the many and unusual merits of the comedy; but we are compelled to content ourselves with the general remark that, notwithstanding all its faults—which are M. Augier's more than Mr. Albery's—it remains one of the most sterling plays that have lately been produced, and one which everybody ought to see. M. Augier's work is finely conceived, but inadequately executed. As a whole, it is far from perfect; but it is laid upon large lines and has some telling scenes, which have been faithfully and ably reproduced.

The acting is chiefly remarkable for the achievement by Miss Louise Moodie of that success which she has so long deserved. If the besetting sin of this admirable actress is a tendency to over-elaboration and to the infusion into her lines of a greater amount of pathos than they will always bear, it is the natural result of genius crying in the wilderness, for so many years striving to make itself heard. In parts of the John Goring type Mr. Kelly is invaluable; but we do not regard this particular performance as his most successful effort in a line of character in which he is without an equal. The business of the quarrel scene is admirably rendered, both by him and Mr. Terriss. Mr. Howe was not able to create a satisfactory character out of the materials at his disposal. Miss Eastlake's pleasant and intelligent portrayal of the heroine is full of promise for the future, though our own idea of the character is that of a high-spirited young woman rather than the frolicsome girl whose part the actress plays with so much charm. Criticism has seldom gone so completely astray as over Mrs. John Wood's Mrs. Denham. In pronouncing her performance overdone and illegitimate the critics have followed one another like sheep through a fence. In our opinion, Mrs. Wood's embodiment of the extravagant, vulgar, unreasonable, but not bad-hearted woman of the wealthy middle class—played as it was upon the second night—is a most excellent and life-like portrait, true alike to nature and to art. It is certainly out of the picture; but the reason is, not that the actress overdoes the part, but that the character from top to toe is Mr. Albery's and English, whilst all the others are M. Augier's and French. Viewed by itself, it is a little triumph, for both author and actress—as good and sound a bit of English comedy as our time has seen. Had the portrait been exhibited in a more appropriate frame its excellence would have been generally acknowledged.

## GAIETY THEATRE.

*Young Fra Diavolo* is a valuable addition to the list of burlesques, from the fanciful pen of Mr. Henry J. Byron, lately produced by astute Mr. Hollingshead. It is not only "founded," but is almost an exact reproduction, as regards plot, of Auber's celebrated opera. The music is of the most sparkling description, thanks to the talented Herr Meyer Lutz, who is responsible for this department. The costumes of the bevy of fair "supers" are conceived with great taste, and the grouping of the said "supers" is effective to a degree. Altogether, *Young Fra Diavolo* is the merriest and best travesty which has delighted the London public for many a long day. As everyone is acquainted with the original here burlesqued, it were worse than useless to recapitulate the incidents connected with the present performance.

Miss Farren, as the Brigand Chief, has a part entirely suited to her inimitable style, and in two charming dresses fairly takes the house by storm. Miss Vaughan—equally charmingly attired—plays Zerlina in her usually unobtrusive but singularly effective manner. Her dancing—of which she should make more—is as usual provocative of rapturous applause; one dance executed with Miss Farren is as near the perfection of grace as possible. Miss Amalia's nimble feet stand her in good stead as Lady Simpleton Simon, and Miss Gilchrist's saltatorial abilities are too good to be forgotten. Mr. Soutar, as Bungalio the Bobby of Terracina, presents a martial appearance, which would strike terror into the heart of the modern midnight depredator, and plays in his own quaint good-humoured style, giving the "comic men" every opportunity for "business." Mr. Squire does his best as Sir Simpleton Simon. The same remark will apply to Mr. Fawcett as Lorenzo. These two gentlemen dance together with very depressing effect. It is sad to note the woe-begone expression of Mr. Fawcett's portly face. Beppo and Giacomo, "the blackguards of Terracina," afford Messrs. Terry and Royce a splendid opportunity of displaying their powers of comicality. Mr. Terry as Beppo is good, but taken altogether the part appears somewhat beyond his reach. If Mr. Terry were playing with an actor less capable than Mr. Royce he would have it all his own way; but the latter gentleman, in theatrical parlance, "puts Mr. Terry to bed." Mr. Royce's performance places him at once at the head of his profession as a burlesque actor. Not a point in the part is missed, and innumerable points are made by the genius of the performer. His make-up is a study in itself, and his drunken dance is a thing to be seen and never forgotten. Taken as a whole, the programme at the Gaiety is an entertainment such as has seldom been seen, and is a credit to all concerned.

Mr. Frederick Burgess, who left this country at the commencement of last October for a well-earned holiday tour in Egypt and Arabia, returned to his post at the St. James's Hall, a few days ago, in readiness for the forthcoming Christmas holiday campaign of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, at the St. James's Hall, where, as usual, a splendid entertainment will be provided by this world-renowned company.

Mr. Rutland Barrington introduced quite a novel feature in his performance of the Captain in *H.M.S. Pinafore* on Wednesday evening; last one of those happy inspirations of the moment



which do not often occur, and must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. The audience on Wednesday did evidently, by the roar which greeted the gallant Captain's appearance.

At the Grand Aquarium, Brighton, Christmas festivities of a varied and attractive kind are in active preparation, and will commence on Christmas Eve. Some very special novelties will be introduced under the direction of the energetic manager, Mr. G. Reeves-Smith.

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

(Continued from page 331.)

THE courtesy of managers is, as everyone knows, proverbial. To every rule, however, there is an exception, and I regret that I have to name an exception in this case. A colleague of mine upon the press, who represents a journal which devotes a considerable amount of space every week to the opera, called the other day at the stage-door of Her Majesty's Opera House, and requested to see the gentleman who acts as Mr. Mapleson's representative during his absence in America. The hall-keeper informed my friend that the gentleman in question was engaged. Thereupon my friend sent in his card, with a polite request for a couple of stalls for *Dinorah* that evening. The reply was a curt message that "all the places were sold." Scarcely crediting this remarkable run upon an opera which has never been a popular favourite, my brother craftsman went to the booking-office and asked if he could take three stalls for that evening. The reply was, "Certainly." He accordingly paid his money, received his vouchers, and on his return home found that the liberal box-keeper had given him four stalls—a fact which seemed to argue that stalls for *Dinorah* were, if anything, a drug in the market. The fourth stall-ticket was, of course, handed back to the booking-clerk in the evening, and when my friend took his seat, instead of a crowded house, he found a "beggarly array of empty boxes." Now, I should like to know why most of the people who had taken boxes and stalls had absented themselves—for, of course, I take it for granted that Mr. Mapleson's representative was correct in stating that "all the places had been sold"—although it was satisfactorily proved that three stalls at any rate had not been disposed of when the request was made. You see I am quite ready to acquit Mr. Mapleson's representative of the charge of intentional misstatement, but I cannot acquit him of discourteous conduct exceedingly unbecoming in a manager towards a member of the press. I hope this little story will point its own moral.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON has long been known as the buffoon of debate, and was never seen to better advantage than on Tuesday night in the House, when he spoke of the Government spending the money they had got by "poisoning the Chinese in killing the Afghans." As a rule Sir Wilfrid is dull, unless on the subject of the Permissive Bill. On Tuesday night he "got his laughs" in a legitimate manner.

THE Electric Light has been made trial of this week on the Holborn Viaduct and the Thames Embankment, and one and all speak in praise of the beauty and the brightness thereof. It is no small benefit to be able to read the small print of a newspaper whilst standing between two lamps fifty yards or more apart; and buyers of "special editions" will doubtless appreciate the advantage, when the electric light is in full work in our midst. At present, though, this brilliant effort of a great genius is in its infancy. Motive power, by which it is worked, is at all times liable to disarrangement, and we prophecy the good old much-abused gas a long tenure of office yet.

MR. BANDMANN'S acting has been favourably spoken of in the *Honolulu Gazette*. A certain fair lady is not surprised at this; or at the fact of this striking actor being a member of the "Savage" Club.

## CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.

PROMINENT amongst the amusing novelties which crowd upon us at this festive season from all and every quarter are Mr. Tom Smith's fanciful and entertaining inventions, dainty of device and gay with brilliant colours. Bon-bons and crackers beyond the small sensational delight of their small explosions have developed, in the hands of this ingenious gentleman, many new features, providing grotesque fun-provoking head-dresses, puzzles, articles of jewellery, and numerous other surprises provocative of amusement and laughter. In providing for the merry evenings of the great holiday they should not be overlooked.

WE have received a packet of Christmas and New Year's Cards from Messrs. Sulman and Co., of Milton-street. The "greetings" are well chosen, and the colour printing is admirably executed.

AMONGST the novelties of the present season, "Home Pets," studied from life and stamped in colours on letter paper and envelopes of all kinds and sizes, are produced by Mr. Macmichael, the Queen's stationer, of South Audley-street—pet dogs, birds, insects, poultry, cats, and horses, heads and busts or whole lengths. Mr. Macmichael's work is perfect of its kind, and the portraits of well-known dogs and horses are all beautifully executed, while the price is of the smallest (two shillings).

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, in its vast superiority to gas and all other forms of artificial light, is an apt illustration of the position which GRANT'S MORELLA CHERKY BRANDY maintains in comparison with all other Liqueurs, in its perfection of rich fruity flavour, which is effectively brought out when consumed with hot water. Enquire for it at all Bars, Restaurants, and Wine Stores. Manufacturer, Thomas Grant, Distillery Maidstone.—[ADVT.]

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is offered to the Public with full confidence in its merits. Testimonials of the most flattering character have been received from every part of the World. Over Forty Years the favourite and never failing Preparation to Restore Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour and Lustrous Beauty, requiring only a few applications to secure new and luxuriant growth. The soft and silky texture of healthy hair follows its use. That most objectionable and destructive element to the hair, called Dandruff, is quickly and permanently removed. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

## ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

WITH regret I take up my pen to deal with the German Gymnastic Society's annual display, held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 5th and 6th, such regret being caused by the fact that I have not room to say all I could wish about what to my mind is the champion gymnastic show of the country. This club, formerly composed entirely of Teutons resident in London, threw open its portals to others, and at the present period the majority of the members are Englishmen.

Every species of gymnastic display was indulged in—boxing for those who favour the noble art, parallel bar, horse, and club exercises, wrestling, &c.; and every praise is due to the acting-executive, Messrs. Hare, Levi, McQueen, Rogers, and Young, for the admirable manner in which they carried out such a varied programme. Unfortunately the judging in the boxing was, to say the least, open to doubt in more than one instance, notably in the cases of Edwards versus Barge, MacFarlane versus Webster, Brinsmead versus Giles. On the second day I also regret to have to state that Mr. W. Ochse unfortunately broke his collar-bone whilst wrestling. Want of space compels me to confine further comment to the bare results of the different competitions.

Wednesday Middle-weight Boxing, under 11st 4lb. First Draw—A. Macfarlane, City G.C., beat T. Long, L.A.C.; F. F. Wyatt, R.C.H.A.C., beat H. Sampson, Birmingham A.C.; H. A. Jacobs, W.L.B.C., beat J. U. Bremner, Lillie Bridge G.C.; H. Slowman, St. James's A.C. beat Ashley B. Cook, G.G.S.; R. Webster, Clapham B.C., beat Z. Gifford, Orion G.C.; W. B. Barge, R.C.H.A.C., beat W. D. Edwards, Broad-street Gymnasium. Second Draw—Macfarlane beat Slowburn; Webster beat Barge. Heat 3: Jacobs beat Wyatt. Third Draw—Heat 1: Webster beat Macfarlane. Final Heat—Jacobs beat Webster. Jacobs having had a bye, was fresh, and wore his man down in fair style. Light-weight Boxing: First Draw—H. T. Giles, Clapton B.C., beat A. C. Braund, G.G.S.; J. G. Brinsmead, W.L.B.C., beat E. Harrison, G.G.S.; A. Menage, G.G.S., beat R. B. Lamb, 38th R.M.V.C. Second Draw—Heat 1: Giles beat Brinsmead; Menage beat Haynes. Final Heat: Giles beat Menage. Heavy-weights (over 11st 4lb)—D. Glasgow, G.G.S., beat J. E. Carew, G.G.S. and W.L.B.C.: A. Trew, City G.C., a bye. Final Heat: Glasgow beat Trew. High Jump: C. T. Poland, G.G.S., 5ft 4in, 1; C. L. Hind, G.G.S., 5ft 3in, 2. Long Jump: H. Harris, G.G.S., 17ft 2in, 1; G. Millar, G.G.S., 16ft 2in, 2; A. H. Makepeace, G.G.S., 15ft 1in, 3. Putting the Shot (35lb, right and left hand): P. A. C. McKenzie, G.G.S., 35ft and 9ft, 1; G. Wilson, G.G.S. 30ft and 10ft, 2. Climbing the Rope (60ft): H. Blackwall, G.G.S., 1. Fencing (Foils): H. Hartjen, G.G.S., 1; F. S. Maris, Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry, 2. Singlestick Competition—R. Hazard, Westminster B. and F.C., 1; G. Hyde, G.G.S., 2. Vaulting at the Horizontal Bar—G. A. Harman, 6ft 7in, first; P. Ansell, 6ft 8in (pen 6in), second; and E. B. Hadley, 6ft 9in (pen 2in) third. A fine display of gymnastics succeeded, in which K. Tietze, G.G.S.; A. Barnard, Orion G.C.; T. Glasser, G.G.S.; A. Palmer, G.G.S.; P. O. Diersch, G.G.S.; F. Klein, G.G.S.; A. Gay, G.G.S.; W. Russen, G.G.S.; H. Middleton, G.G.S.; W. O. Edwards, G.G.S.; C. S. Potter, G.G.S.; and R. Strange, G.G.S., took part. The competition resulted as follows:—Glasser, 125 points, first; Barnard, 112, second; Potter, 106, third. Light-weight Wrestling under 10st—First Draw—Heat 1: F. Klein, G.G.S., beat W. Glasser, G.G.S. Heat 2: T. Glasser, G.G.S., beat T. W. Fry, late G.G.S. Heat 3: T. E. Pryce, G.G.S., beat A. Ochse, G.G.S.; the last-named sustained a fracture of his collar-bone. Second Draw—Heat 1: Klein beat Pryce. Final Heat: Glasser resigned, and Klein took it. Middle-weight Wrestling under 12st—First Draw—Heat 1: H. Harris, G.G.S., beat W. Hewitt, late G.G.S. Heat 2: F. G. Wallis, G.G.S., beat F. Klein, G.G.S. Heat 3: H. P. Gardner beat A. H. Stoneham, Queen's House F.C. Heat 4: T. Glasser, G.G.S., beat W. Standen, G.G.S. Second Draw—Heat 1: Harris beat Wallis. Final Heat: Glasser beat Harris. Heavy-weight Wrestling over 13st—Heat 1: Othma Egger, Birmingham A.C., beat A. Allwright, G.G.S. Heat 2: F. Klein, G.G.S., beat F. G. Wallis, G.G.S. Final Heat: Egger beat Klein. Tug of War Round 1: Cattle's team, G.G.S., beat Hemming's team, G.G.S.; Bush's team beat Granville B.C.; G.G.S. Football team beat Orton G.C.; Pryce's team; G.G.S. v. Clarke's team, G.G.S., was a bye, owing to the absence of some of the members of the competing teams; Lisney's team beat Anderson's team, Ravensbourne C.C. beat Canonbury B.C., Wilson's team, G.G.S., beat Comyn's team, G.G.S. Round 2: Wilson's team beat Lisney's, Bush's team beat G.G.S. Football team, Cattle's team beat Pryce's team. Round 3: Bush's team beat Cattle's team, Wilson's team beat Ravensbourne C.C. The final rounds consisted of three tugs between Bush's team and Wilson's team. Bush's team won two out of the three.

A more than usually large company attended on both evenings, including several ladies, and at the conclusion of the proceedings Mrs. Meifeld presented the prizes.

Postponed, owing to the trail being lost, from November 10, the Ten Miles Challenge Cup of the Clapton Beagles was decided on Saturday week at Lillie Bridge, G. F. Shepherd, H. S. P. Walters, R. N. Davis, P. H. Binns, E. C. Atkins, G. Pescod, and H. Townsend being the competitors. It was almost dark when Shepherd passed the post first in 61min 52sec, having the lead at the commencement of the second mile, Walters being second and Davis third.

On the same afternoon the Five Miles Members' Steeplechase of the South London Harriers was decided. No fewer than nineteen started. W. M. Colson and H. D. Thomas, 15sec start, were the scratch men, but neither could get near A. J. Fowden, 6min, T. W. Simmonds, 5min 45sec, J. W. Baxter, 5min, and F. L. Fermenger, 7min 30sec, who were the first four past the winning post.

The Spartan Harriers were also busy, as they had two events on their fixture list, viz., the Club Five and Half Miles Challenge Cup and a Novice Race over the same distance. C. F. Turner, the holder, easily beat his solitary opponent, W. A. Tyler, for the former, and W. G. George, of the Worcester Bicycle Club, showed his heels to eighteen other novices, winning easily in 35min 31sec; Mason Smith, of the Spartans, second; E. W. Mawby, of the same club, third; and J. F. Spong, T. H. and H., fourth.

As I anticipated, the Oxford trial eights on Saturday week resulted in favour of Mulgan's crew, the verdict being only three-quarters of a length; but it could have been much more had the winners required. As these contests are becoming historical events, I shall give the crews:—Winning crew: J. H. T. Wharton, Magdalen, 11st 5lb; A. C. Wells, Magdalen, 11st 11lb; F. M. Hargreaves, Keble, 12st 9lb; F. Capel-Cure, Trinity, 12st 1lb; W. H. Hobart, Exeter, 12st 7lb; G. D. Rowe, University, 12st 3lb; A. A. Wickens, Balliol, 11st 11lb; J. M. Mulgan, Worcester (st), 12st 2lb; G. B. Hulme, Magdalen (cox), 8st 3lb. Losing crew: R. H. J. Poole, Brasenose, 10st 9lb; A. F. King, Keble, 11st 8lb; T. G. Gardner, Brasenose, 11st 10lb; H. B. Southwell, Pembroke, 12st 11lb; T. Cosby-Burrowes, Trinity, 12st 12lb; H. M. Robinson, New, 11st 9lb; H. W. Disney, Hertford, 12st 7lb; R. Dawson, Hertford (st), 11st 7lb; F. M. Beaumont, New (cox), 7st 7lb.

Davis's crew won the Cambridge Trial Eights at Ely

by a couple of lengths. The crews were as follows:—Winning crew: W. M. Tapp, Caius (bow), 10st 13lb; W. W. Baillie, Jesus, 11st 3lb; A. F. Green, Lady Margaret B.C., 11st 12lb; W. Warlow, Queen's, 12st 2lb; T. Routledge, Emmanuel, 12st 10lb; C. H. Coates, First Trinity, 12st 7lb; J. A. Watson-Taylor, Magdalen, 11st 11lb; R. D. Davis, First Trinity (st), 12st 12lb. Losing crew: R. C. Lehman, First Trinity (bow), 11st; H. Sandford, Lady Margaret B.C., 11st 10lb; R. D. Prior, Queen's, 11st 12lb; C. Fairbairn, Jesus, 12st 5lb; C. N. Armytage, Jesus, 12st 4lb; A. Nimmo, First Trinity, 13st 9lb; C. H. Morrice, Trinity Hall, 12st 12lb; A. H. S. Bird, First Trinity (st), 12st 1lb. The coxswains selected were H. Woodhouse, Trinity Hall (6st), and B. S. Clarke, Lady Margaret (7st 1lb); but they did not steer in the race.

Cambridge have sent the usual formal challenge, which, of course, either has or will be accepted. I am compelled to speak in the doubtful case, as the Oxford executive are never too communicative.

Under the supervision of Mr. Bell, the popular *charge d'affaires* of William Cook, the old Christmas Cattle Show Billiard Tournament was revived, the venue being St. James's Hall. The players were Joseph Bennett and T. Taylor scratch, Fred Bennett and G. Collins 50 points, D. Richards and W. Fielding 100, G. Hunt 110, and J. Lloyd 150. The prizes were—first man 50 guineas, presented by T. Taylor, 20 guineas for second, 10 guineas for third, and 5 guineas for best average presented by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, who supplied the table, which was very handsomely made of Cuban mahogany, and considerable discussion has arisen as to its being very easy. Messrs. Burroughes and Watts have fixed the table at their show rooms so that it may be seen and tried, and the question settled on its merits.

The principal features of the game have been the splendid form shown by Fred Bennett and J. Lloyd, together with the poor display of the Manchester player Fielding. Play opened on Monday afternoon week at three o'clock, and here I may halt a moment to compliment the worthy manager upon the excellence of the arrangements and the admirable manner in which time has been kept. Oxford Jonathan, the veteran marker, officiated at the scoring-board, whilst Cook's brother attended to the rests and officiated as referee. What more can be required?

On Monday week F. Bennett beat his brother Joseph by 286 points in 50min, T. Taylor beat G. Hunt by 94 points in 60min, G. Collins beat D. Richards by 137 points in 51min, J. Lloyd beat W. Fielding by 218 in 46min.

Tuesday's play resulted as follows:—Lloyd beat Richards by 57 in 63min, J. Bennett beat Hunt by 268 in 58min, F. Bennett beat Fielding by 205 points in 42min, T. Taylor beat G. Collins by 172 in 65min.

Wednesday's play was most eventful. G. Hunt beat Fielding by 113 in 52min, G. Collins beat Joseph Bennett by 155 in 67min, T. Taylor beat Richards by 242 points in 50min, J. Lloyd beat F. Bennett by 9 in 75min.

On Thursday Fred Bennett beat Collins by 16 points in 68 min, Taylor defeated Fielding by 342 in 47min, Lloyd Hunt by 60 points in 77min, and Joseph Bennett Richards by 112 in 77min.

Friday's play was eventful simply from the fact that Lloyd and Taylor, the two unbeaten players, met, and the former won by 337 points in 52min, Joseph Bennett defeated Fielding by 169 in 69min, F. Bennett beat Richards by 323 points in 42min, and Hunt Collins by 102 points in 55min.

Saturday saw Fielding win his first game, as he beat Collins by 95 in 57min, F. Bennett Taylor by 277 points in 45min, J. Bennett Lloyd by 246 in 65min, and Richards Hunt by 118 in an hour.

Monday, the last day, was eventful as, owing to Fred Bennett winning his game with G. Hunt by 63 points in 69min, and Lloyd being defeated by Collins by 242 in 42min, the former became winner of first prize; Taylor beat Joseph Bennett by 154, and Richards beat Fielding by 216 in 39min.

Taylor just managed to beat Lloyd for second prize. Fred Bennett beat W. Mitchell at the Lamb Tavern, Leadenhall Market, on Wednesday night, although he gave him 250 points in 1,000, but only by 26.

The Baynard Castle Handicap was continued during the remainder of the week, and on Saturday, Dec. 1st, the state of the poll was Joseph Bennett and G. Hunt six games each, Collins five games, Richards four, F. Bennett three, Hughes and Wilson two each, Davies nothing. This left Hunt and Bennett to play off for the first prize of 30 sovs, the loser of course to take second money, and the match came off on Tuesday evening. Considerable interest was vested in the result as Hunt was the player who had knocked out Bennett previously. After a slow game the champion was beaten by 26; time, 2h 3min. The arrangements of the proprietor and Fred Bennett were all that could be desired.

Owing to the greater portion of the above article having been written for the previous week and omitted because of the Christmas Number, it may be found rather mixed. However, I hope my readers will make allowances, as everything during the past few days has been foggy except

EXON.

THE Queen's Theatre is practically no more. In its place will be the offices of a huge co-operative store, which has been organised with a capital of £100,000, under the title of the Clergy Co-operative Association (Limited). With a staff of directors of great influence, and an active body of working officials, there is every prospect of its being a success.

AT King's College School, on Tuesday evening, in the presence of a large fashionable company, and under the presidency of the Rev. Canon Ince, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, an old pupil, the presentation of prizes and honours was followed by recitations, which consisted of dramatic representations, got up with every procurable accessory of dress and stage property. The Greek play was a selection from the familiar *Knights of Aristophanes*, in which Demosthenes and Nikias found creditable representatives in Kalish and Hunter, and Cleon in Welch. The Greek play was succeeded by Wilkins' German farce *Elzevir*, humorously rendered; and followed by the third act of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, in which Nickart, as the Cardinal, especially distinguished himself. A pleasant evening closed with the performance of *Bombastes Furioso*.

J. W. HOLLAND, a once well known professor of music, died on the 5th inst. at the ripe old age of ninety years.

Miss Nellie Phillips, late of the Gaiety, is engaged for the pantomime at the Royal Aquarium Theatre.

MR. HOWARD PAUL, in the *American Register*, relates the following anecdote of Jim Myers, whose circus is at present an attraction at the Crystal Palace:—"I remember once meeting him in Rome, where he proudly showed me a watch, a most elaborate affair, that had been presented to him by the late Victor Emmanuel. 'That is a comprehensive timepiece,' quoth Jim, taking the dial from his pocket. 'It not only tells you the time of day to the second, but it has a barometrical attendant; it's also a hygeiometer, to indicate the dryness and moisture of the atmosphere; it's also an anemometer, to register the force and direction of the wind, but in addition to all these things, d—n me, it will tell you what sort of house you'll have at night.'



## TURFIANA.

SUNDRY growls and murmurs are beginning to make themselves heard in connection with certain enactments on the part of the Grand National Hunt Committee, and exception has been taken to their action as regards added money and lengths of courses. We have always considered that these limitations were especially wholesome in their tendency, which was clearly in the direction of raising the tone of meetings and of preventing abuses. Whatever excuses there might be for "short cuts" on the flat, none could possibly be found for sprint races over hurdles and across country, unless indeed we have strangely mistaken the object of encouraging the jumping business, which we had fondly imagined to be for the benefit of hunting. No doubt it was found in practice excessively inconvenient to furnish courses of the requisite length at little tinpot meetings, where proceedings were of the "circus" kind; but the abolition of such nuisances has been a boon to all true lovers of racing, and only a source of irritation to those enthusiastic spirits who would like to go racing all the year round, and to whom nothing comes amiss in the shape of races presenting opportunities for speculation. As for the added money question, it is high time that "spirited lessors" and framers of "liberal programmes" should follow the example set them in high places and put down the "dust" a little more liberally, instead of cheese-paring with a view to suck the last drop of advantage from the public. We don't want these

pettifogging races at all, and anything which openly and fairly cuts the ground from under the feet of their promoters is a move in the right direction. The Grand National Hunt Committee have lately been bestirring themselves to elevate the character of sport, and now we are told that the present dearth of good steeplechasers lies at their door, and that things will not come right again until we get back £30 plates and short courses, which is a curious argument, to say the least of it.

Toxophilite has taken The Rake's place at Easton Lodge, and the old horse looked so well and blooming on the sale day at Enfield that he may do Lord Rosslyn good service for two or three seasons yet, and he inherits some of the speediest blood in the country. Despite the fact that he begot so sterling a stayer as Musket, breeders have never taken over kindly to the son of Longbow, who left the Turf with a reputation not altogether spotless, owing to his having shown the white feather on more than one occasion, and notably on Beadsman's Derby Day, when he performed anything but generously. However, in the evening of his days he may possibly atone for previous shortcomings, and he has the character of being a sure foal getter. Lancastrian may yet do him some credit, and his fee is moderate enough to tempt breeders who like a good article at a cheap rate.

Beauleclerc stands at Croft, where so many celebrities have "received" under the Winteringham régime, and we doubt not that many a north-country mare will be "put down" to the quondam pet of Malton, for his blood is unexceptionable, and there is not the shadow of a doubt that he was a real good one,

gauge his public form as you please. His sire is full at Pulborough, but it was a sore blow when Beauleclerc fell; for Mr Gibson had not unreasonably built his hopes upon a Derby or St. Leger success, which would at once have set Rosi. going like wildfire. Still with so many grand mares, admirably adapted to him in point of blood, at home, external patronage can in a great measure be dispensed with, and his foals seemed to hold out higher promise than ever when we looked them over on the Saturday in the Goodwood week. They seemed to have more length and size than any of his previous batches, and there is no doubt that many sires are apt to get stock rather undersized at first, and only to show the things of which they are capable after two or three years probation. Some make a lucky hit at starting, and at once become popular idols; but many of our most successful fathers of the stud have made but a poor beginning, though they have subsequently made up their lee-way with a vengeance.

Rosebery shifts his quarters from Bonehill to Neasham, and it will be strange indeed if he does not go down with the Tykes, who are now as proud of Speculum as ever they were of Voltigeur, though it must be admitted they were an unconscionable time in finding out the merits of the Moorlands sire, whose best advertisement, at least in point of looks, is the great double event winner of 1876. When we looked Rosebery over in the Midlands last summer, we thought he had begun to fill out and furnish very quickly indeed, and he seemed to have got rid of all that lathiness and "lathiness" which are characteristics of the Speculums whilst in training. In fact he is gradually ripening into a New



A DELICATE APPETITE.

minster type of horse, and we could not help mentally comparing him with Herring's painting of the King of Rawcliffe, though we doubt whether Rosebery has quite his length. Still he fills the eye as a high-class sire should do, and in point of blood he is likely to suit many mares at present not easy to be satisfactorily mated. Breeders must shut their eyes to the "mere handicap form" which has prevented so many good horses from being patronised at starting, and they should not fail to bear in mind that Rosebery never stood a chance of meeting the best of his year on equal terms, seeing that he was never "cherry mery" last year, and his Ascot performance must count for nothing. We always look upon a stallion's fortune as made when Mr. Cookson takes him in hand, which he does not do without much anxious consideration, and the owner of Rosebery may rely upon the fullest justice being done to his old favourite. What with that sire and Salvator, Sidgwick is certain to have a busy time of it next spring, and we shall be sorely out in our reckoning if the French importation does not bring the Dutchman blood into fashion again, after having been well-nigh lost to this country for far too long a period.

Never was there such a wretched afternoon as that which befel on Monday last, but under the new gas dispensation the yard at Albert Gate has been transformed into a "hall of dazzling light," worthy of Baum in all his old Cremorne glory, and so more idlers than usual flock thither to kill time at the dulllest season of the year. But the depression caused by fog and low

prices appeared to have no effect upon Mr. Tattersall himself, who almost persuaded his audience into the belief that things would shortly mend for the better, instancing a similar state of stagnation ten years ago, from which the rebound was as sudden and complete as the fall which preceded it. The Alfriston mares were very far indeed from the "shady lot" their failure to secure biddings might be taken to denote; and the "no-reserve" clause in the conditions was rigidly adhered to in all cases where any kind of substantial bid was made. Only Choral and Beggarmaid eventually changed hands, and at the most moderate of prices; but Princess Christian, Forest Queen, and Gitana all found new owners, and in addition to the two first-named, M. Delamarre also secured Medora, who promises to furnish into a useful mare. Orest is as handsome as ever, and very gay looking for his years, but just now we are rather overdone with this class of stallion, and neither Outpost or Cecrops, who came up afterwards, realized anything like the prices they would have commanded a few years since. As for The Rake, he must have been "on offer" to breeders some five or six years, and has done nothing much to earn for himself a character. Lord Kesteven's horses are announced for sale next Monday, but in addition to "bad times" the season of the year is against satisfactory prices, and there will not be much doing for the next three months. Sir George Chetwynd has a "clear out" in January, and we shall, doubtless, hear of many more sales of this kind during the silly season. SKYLARK.

## A CHRISTMAS SONG.

EYES are bright at all seasons,  
Looks and glances we prize,  
Yet now we have special reasons  
For loving dear laughing eyes;  
For, next to Valentine's gay day,  
When to thrill and to melt we're bound,  
In Christmas hours the heyday  
Of love and of mirth is found.

June has its sunned sweet gladness  
That not for the world we'd miss,  
Yet now that seems but half-sadness  
Compared with such joy as this;  
Each season is bright with pleasure,  
Yet which of the whole dear round  
Can show the love beyond measure  
That here with Christmas we've found?

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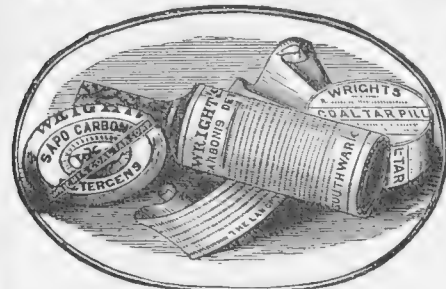
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Military Hunt Cup, and that have never won a steep-

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

WESTERN, H.—*King Arthur* was introduced as a dramatic opera, by Dryden, and the music for it composed by Purcell. It was revived at Drury Lane Theatre in December, 1770, with great success, and long remained one of the best of attractive stock pieces.

M. F. G.—Mr. Murdoch came to this country from America in 1856, and played in the September of that year at the Haymarket Theatre, where he opened in Farquhar's *Inconstant* (condensed into three acts) as Young Mirabel, the part of old Mirabel being personated by another American actor, Mr. Chippendale.

E. C.—*Finesse* was first produced at the Haymarket Theatre on May 23rd, 1863.

A. Z.—Both *The Woman in Mauve* and *The Dead Heart* were written by the late Mr. Watts Phillips.

TYRONE VERNON.—In a burlesque called *Mountain Dhu*, by Mr. Andrew Halliday.

E. F. A.—The Clarence Theatre was at King's Cross.

JAMES H.—r. John Marston wrote eight plays, nearly all of which were produced at the Blackfriars Theatre. They were first published in 1633, and some of them, according to Cibber, were edited by Shakspeare. 2. *Rival Friends* was the title of an old comedy written by Peter Hausted, who died in 1645.

INVESTIGATOR.—r. Referring to a London theatrical journal of about that time (1793), we find that the theatres at Portsmouth, Winchester, Chichester, Isle of Wight, and Southampton were all under the management of Messrs. Collins and Davies. The theatre at Plymouth was at the same time under the management of Mr. Barrett. 2. Unable to reply. 3. No. 4. He was not one of them, as he was not in Paris when the actors and actresses of the Comédie Française were imprisoned as counter-revolutionists on the representation of the Jacobin Club (September 3rd, 1793). They were shut up—the men in the Magdelonnettes and Picpus, the ladies in Saint Pelagie and the Anglaises. They were extremely popular amongst their fellow-prisoners, but endured many severe hardships and terrors for about nine months. Six of the company were marked for death—the *élite* of the whole, others for banishment, and some few for pardon, when Charles de Labussière, who held an important post under the Committee of Public Safety, saved them at the risk of his life by destroying the papers intended to bring them to the guillotine, and in the same way preserved about eleven hundred others marked for destruction, amongst them being Madame de Beauharnais, whom fate subsequently raised to the imperial throne of France.

## SPORTING.

J. H.—We have never known a hare of that weight, but have ourselves shot a hare over 12lbs; that, however, was in the Isle of Man, where hares reach a greater size than in England.

## VETERINARIAN.

J. T. G.—For your horse's leg make a charge as follows:—Take of Burgundy pitch and red lead, of each two ounces; one ounce of beeswax, and one ounce of strong mercurial ointment. Melt the pitch and beeswax, then stir in the lead and ointment. Whilst hot, plaster it on and dab over it as much wool, cut into very short pieces, as will stick. Saddles and bridles ought to be washed with the prepared saddle soap, put up in tins by Brecknell, Turner, and Sons, 31, 32, Haymarket, and sold by all saddlers. After washing and thoroughly drying, keep well covered up in a hot, dry, well-ventilated saddle room. The alkali (potash) of common soft soap destroys leather, and should never be used.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

G.—The Latin means: If you wish to be understood do not explain.

D. C.—At the annual revels of Lincoln's Inn and the Temple, the master of each being for the time Lord of Misrule.

FREDERICK JAY.—Unable to reply.

D. R.—By 6 and 7 Vict. c. 68 ("An Act for regulating Theatres"), the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain is limited to cases "in which any money or other reward shall be taken or charged, directly or indirectly, or in which the purchase of any article is made a condition for the admission of any person into any theatre to see any stage play," and "in which any stage play shall be acted or presented in any house, room, or place in which distilled or fermented exciseable liquor shall be sold."

Y. Z.—The town did not receive the name of Falmouth until long after, in the reign of Charles II. The odd-seeming name of Penny-come-quick has been traced to various sources by different authorities. The same name is found in other parts of Cornwall, and has been described as a corruption of the Cornish Pen-coomb-ick, "the village under the hill." Whitaker is responsible for printing as a tradition the following story: "A certain person building a little house—which is still shown near the New Quay, opposite to Flushing—a female servant of Mr. Pendarvis came and dwelt in it, upon which that gentleman bid her brew a little ale, and on such a day he promised to come with some gentlemen and help her to some money by drinking it up; but when he came the crew of a Dutch galliot had landed and drank it all up. He reproaching her, she replied, 'Truly, master, the penny come so quick I could not deny.' Whether this or Mr. Wall's story is the more probable you must decide for yourself.

MRS. MOLYNEUX.—It is only published in colours.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

## WHYTE-MELVILLE.

It is solely owing to the intervention of our "Christmas Number" that we have been prevented from noticing more at length a recent melancholy event which deserves more than mere passing comment, leaving, as it does, a blank in the world of sport and of sporting literature, which, in the case of the latter at least, is not likely to be adequately filled for many a long year to come. We are not here so much concerned with the actual life and writings of the thorough sportsman and genial writer whose death we are all deploring, as with the effect produced by his connection with sport, both as actor in many of its most stirring scenes and as delineator of its many varied phases. There have been probably many men equally conversant as Whyte-Melville with all that appertains to horse and hound, and equally enthusiastic in the cause of hunting; and there have been many writers of prose and poetry, as polished, as elegant, and as charming as the author of "Digby Grand" and "Kate Coventry;" but we rarely find so closely and intimately united the faculties of enjoyment of sport and its faithful delineation as those possessed by the mighty

hunter and brilliant author recently removed from our midst. The sporting aspect of literature has failed to attract so many aspirants to fame as authors, for the reason, among others, that it has been regarded as somewhat of a speciality, and because it is generally supposed that it fails to command the same widespread interest and attractions as subjects illustrative of everyday life. Sporting writers, as a rule, have not aimed high enough, choosing rather the low-life side of the department of which they have undertaken to become expositors, with the inevitable result that fastidious readers have not cared to follow them in their description of scenes and characters repulsive by reason of their coarseness and vulgarity, and which have come to be associated with sport solely for the reason that they have been awarded exceptional prominence in the ordinary productions of novelists of the order just mentioned.

We cannot tell why it should be, but so it is, that the many who have tried their hands at the production of a work of fiction embodying sporting traits have chosen to move along the lower and more obscure paths of that line of life, and have generally presented to their readers the sensational side of the picture, instead of placing before them its most pleasing aspect. Nor is this all; but too many of these would-be sporting scribes have approached their subject in lamentable ignorance of the details forming the basis of their undertaking. They have seldom considered their work complete without dragging in to an unlimited extent the jargon of the stable and the argot of the racecourse, in the same way as those who attempt to pourtray manners and customs of a bygone age are apt to seize greedily upon the conventional slang expressions of the period, and to push them broadcast in the mouths of their characters. Many novels have heretofore been "spiced" with sport in a manner which could not offend the susceptibilities of readers; but the sporting novel *par excellence* has been for the most part a farrago of jockey-boy plots, machinations of villainous trainers, and dark doings of nobblers, supplemented, of course, with the inevitable welsher's malpractices, all leading up to a *dénouement* whereby virtue triumphs and vice is punished. Or if hunting, instead of racing, be the foundation on which to build the sporting novel, authors are apt to grovel among stable-boys and the like, and to choose their situations from amidst baser associations in preference to taking a high line and making their characters talk and act like gentlemen. Low cunning and villainy are very proper and effective foils, when sparingly and judiciously used, but the idea seems to have prevailed among delineators of sporting phases of life that their readers must "smell the stable" throughout the piece, and that the "noble animal," in whatever capacity he appears upon the scene, must be associated with copers, blacklegs, *et id genus omne* of characters composing the stock-in-trade of the ordinary sporting novelist.

Like many other devoted followers of the chase, Whyte-Melville, in the words of another mighty hunter, "knew little and cared less about racing," but as it may be said of him *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, doubtless he would have treated of the Turf with the same elegance of diction and felicity of expression as he brought to bear upon the "hunting novels" which have fairly distanced all competition, and will long remain the pleasure and delight of readers of all ages. One of their greatest charms consists in the absence of the "horsey" element, at least as we are accustomed to regard it in connection with sporting literature; and we are treated to none of the saddle-room plots, stable gossip, and other suggestive situations which form the capital of those who connect the horse only with debased and depraved surroundings. In the hands of Whyte-Melville the "noble animal" amply justified his appellation, and we were at once lifted out of the murky atmosphere of the stable-yard to a higher and a purer air, and made to look upon a picture as remarkable for its strictly impartial fidelity as for its general charm of conception, vigour of execution, and minute attention to detail. Whyte-Melville never descended to vulgarity or coarseness, and as he moved in high circles, so he was eminently one of the most popular novelists of "Society," without losing his hold upon the tastes and fancies of the million, the best judges of real merit in the long run. It is almost needless to add, in addressing those who have eagerly devoured his various novels, poems, and fugitive pieces, that he rarely if ever trenchoned upon the sensational in writing, and that the tendency of all his productions was as wholesome and elevating as their style was faultlessly polished and elegant. His hunting songs stand by themselves as models of consummate ability in versification and of correctness in introducing expressions and sentiments difficult to be poetically rendered, while he took no liberties with his subjects, and paid the minutest attention to details.

There was no empty gush or false sentimental about his writings, and it is easy to perceive that he thoroughly felt what he wrote; and what is more, that he had deeply studied, and that from downright unaffected regard for it, the science of hunting and horsemanship, which are in reality sealed books to so many who profess to be their expositors. With Whyte-Melville the horse was an idol, a creature next in the scale of creation to man in point of instinct and reasoning powers, and worthy of being fully studied and understood with an eye to making the most of his capabilities for usefulness. In a word, as his mind was cast in a mould essentially poetic, so he exalted his favourite the horse from the dull prosaic state to which he had been too hastily consigned, to a region full of life and imagination, without transgressing the bounds of reason and probability. As a horseman he may be pronounced "consummate," an epithet more frequently used than justified in its use, and he was looked up to as an authority in all matters pertaining to the mysteries of the art which he loved so ardently, and practised with such unrivalled perseverance and skill. Added to this, he possessed the delicacy of perception and the refinement of feeling necessary to the writer of fiction; and while his readers were not nauseated with sporting allusions and descriptions, there was just sufficient spice of both to make his works universally popular among that very large body of English men and women who live in an atmosphere of sport, and especially the disciples of Nimrod of both sexes. And while many have received both instruction and amuse-

ment from Whyte-Melville's productions, it may safely be said of them that their tendency has invariably been in the right direction, and that sport by their means has been ennobled and elevated.

## ROSE OF PÆSTUM.

BY EVELYN JERROLD.

LASCIVIOUS Pæstum left no annals;  
She died out utterly like foam—  
An idle wine-spurt on the panels  
Of that heroic house called Rome.  
No beacon lights us from the chamber,  
No trophies teach us on the wall,  
Where the slow, slurring spiders clamor,  
And ruins' flower-fed beetles crawl.  
One line—and there the record closes—  
One line to say how red and sweet  
Were those proud, immemorial roses,  
That died beneath the drinker's feet.  
Death took these singly, unaffrighted,  
Drugged by their gross Olympian glee;  
Oblivion with its fall required  
Their poor lives' pale inanity.  
So Pæstum lies in marshy grasses,  
Scarce named, unknown, unseen,  
Where the malaria's sick breath passes—  
And strangers say: She has not been.  
I, too, sit singing in the torrid  
Fervour the fat amphoras give,  
Wearing my rose upon my forehead,  
Hoping one line may make it live;  
Granting none know when sick and sated,  
I drop forgotten from the feast,  
How the deep flower's scent created  
A sense of beauty in the beast.  
So that across the thin lame laughter,  
Our lawyers' loves, our hucksters' lust,  
My forehead's flower be named long after  
This sorry drinker's brow is dust.  
And let my life lie lost and smitten  
By Time's contempt of its poor prose,  
So that one silly song I have written,  
Perpetuate my Pæstum Rose.

## THE LATE MR. SAMUEL PHELPS.

ON the 6th of last month died Samuel Phelps, the greatest actor of his day, the most enterprising manager—so far as regards the works of Shakspeare—the stage has perhaps ever known, and a man who, in his public and private life, was an ornament to his profession. To say less than this would be doing scant justice to a man who for many years, by his acting and his managerial work, exercised over young and ardent playgoers, amongst whom the present writer was proud to number himself, a fascination equal to, and perhaps greater than that felt by the youthful enthusiasts of to-day for Mr. Irving. Excellent, indeed, as Phelps was of late years in his occasional appearances on the stage, though loss of vigour and difficulty of memory were easily apparent to those who had known and admired, and, maybe, half-worshipped him in older days, it is by the memory of his acting at Sadler's Wells, and before that time, that he will be rightly estimated as the legitimate successor to the long line of stage kings, and as being unquestionably superior to any actor now upon the stage. There are some critics who, whilst allowing the excellence of his comic impersonations, decry his tragic efforts, forgetting that even if he was better in comedy than in tragedy, he was yet superior in his tragedy to any of his contemporaries. Nor will his fame rest on his acting alone, for as manager of Sadler's Wells he showed his devotion to Shakspeare, and his zeal for the greatest of dramatists by producing thirty-one out of the thirty-seven plays attributed to the bard. All these plays were presented in a fitting manner as regards acting, scenic accessories, and correctness of costume; and when we consider the toil, the research, the difficulties of management involved in these achievements, in addition to the mental strain caused by the impersonation of the chief character in each play, we stand amazed at the strength, courage, and versatility of the man who performed such wonders, we feel that in his double capacity of actor and manager the stage has perhaps never known his equal, and we ask ourselves whether justice was done to him when alive, and whether he did not deserve at his death a more national recognition than fell to his lot. It is true that Phelps did not lay himself out for popular applause, and that an actor, who has, to some extent, outlived his fame, is soon forgotten by the world at large; but this very modesty, coupled with his well-ordered life, contrasted as it is with those of some of his great predecessors, might surely have ensured him on the one hand a more outspoken praise from Shakspearian scholars and commentators, and on the other hand some publicly-expressed thanks of those who are always talking of a reformed stage. No man that ever lived did more than Phelps to make the stage a public benefit, but we cannot call to mind that his name was ever mentioned at a Church Congress, either by attackers of the stage in qualification of their censure, or by defenders of it, to strengthen their defence. The *Saturday Review*, which professes to be an exponent of art, literature, and science, can find room for an article on the paltry, pitiful Rousby-Bandmann case, but has not even chronicled the death, and is absolutely silent as to the career, of an actor who lived a clean life, and did more, in a practical way, to bring Shakspeare within the intelligence of the masses than the whole body of commentators put together. Equally silent is the *Spectator*. Can it be true that in matters of art the press is ruled by cliques fashionable, and "sweetness and light" cliques, and that as Phelps ignored these during his lifetime, the literary press—the *Athenæum* excepted—ignores him at his death. His funeral was attended by a single dramatic critic of any note, and it is to the pen of this one that we probably owe the able and sympathetic obituary notice which appeared in the *Daily News*. But neither neglect, nor literary spite, nor cold, half-hearted appreciation will affect the merits of the dead actor, who will live in the history of the stage so long as it has a history. It is some consolation to know that Mr. Irving, who is perhaps best fitted to succeed to the position of Phelps, as Phelps did to that of Macready, has never been ashamed to proclaim his admiration and respect for his illustrious predecessor.—*The Westminster Papers*.

Mr. D'Oily Carte has made arrangements with the famous author and humourist, Bret Harte, to deliver his lecture, "The Argonauts of '49," an illustration of early Californian life, this winter, in London and the principal provincial towns.



THE STROLLER'S STORY.

BY HAL LOUTHER.

"COME nearer to the fire, sir, you look half perished." The speaker was the landlord at a roadside inn, and a hearty-looking, genial fellow he was too. The guests already assembled about the cheerful hearth made way as the landlord repeated his words. "Come nearer the fire, sir," and the fire, as if equally hospitable, seemed to echo the welcome as it glowed with an extra sparkle, but the stranger who had just entered, and to whom the words were addressed, merely tossed aside his hat and overcoat after shaking the snow from them, and taking a seat in front, but as far from the fire as the room allowed, ordered some brandy and water. In answer to the landlord's pull at the bell a young girl entered, and the stranger repeated his order in a soft pleasant voice. As he raised his head to do so, the guests saw his full face. His thick dark hair was sprinkled with streaks of grey, and over his brown open features there hung a sadness like a shadow, which clearly told that his mind was troubled with some kind of sorrow. As the girl left the room, her bright cheery face glowing with beauty of the most rare and delicate type, he looked inquiringly towards the landlord, who in reply to the look, said proudly. "Very pretty, isn't she, sir?"

"Pretty is hardly the word; she is beautiful." "You are right, sir," one of the guests chimed in; "and there's none in this neighbourhood, gentle or simple, can compare with her for looks."

"Is she your daughter?" "No," replied the landlord, answering the stranger. "She is no relation of mine, she is not my child."

"But," said another of the guests, "you have been more than a father to her; that we all know, leastwise since you came among us."

"I have only fulfilled my promise to the dead," said the landlord, as he turned his eyes through the thin white wreaths of smoke curling upward from his pipe and gazed sadly at a portrait framed about with mistletoe and holly, to which he pointed as he added—

"That was her mother." There was a silence for a moment. The landlord rose, and, drawing the curtains, looked out into the night. The flames rollicked and danced, and the fire, as if roaring up the throat of the chimney with husky laughter, seemed to treat the landlord's emotion as a capital joke.

When he returned to his chair and pipe there was a moistened look about his eyes which at once betrayed that some sad and tender memory of the past had been touched.

"Christmas Eve," he said, when his pipe was in the full swing of its cloud-rolling again. "Ah! 'tis just seventeen years since the girl you have praised so much for her beauty became my adopted daughter."

"How was that?" asked the stranger respectfully. "I don't know what possesses me to tell you the story, but I feel as if something urged me even against my will to do it, and this night, too, of all others. Will you hear it?"

"Thanks," said the stranger; and it seemed to the usual guests who had been covertly watching him that the shadow on his face deepened as if he were struggling through a tangled web of unpleasant thoughts.

"When a boy, mine was a quiet humble home, in a quaint, old country town. It was well suited in all respects to those who have no other wish in the world than to realise the old and satirical epitaph, 'He was born—lived—and died.' A sleepy peaceful old place, but I hated it, for you see there was a Bohemian touch in my nature which severity could not cut out; so one fine morning I left my home, with its drowsy air and lazy surroundings, and with a heart light as my purse commenced my journey on the high road of life."

"I was subjected to the usual ups and downs, and having a restless desire for change of scene I did not remain long in one place. At the period I am about to speak of my wanderings were interrupted at a pleasant little town in Kent; there I fell in with some strolling players. Here was the very thing to suit my erratic nature, and I joined them. No life could possibly have fitted me better. What with fitting up, delivering bills, and playing such parts as servants, speechless smugglers, &c., I soon became a useful member of the corps, and was considered a competent 'crowd,' my 'We will—we will,' 'We are—we are,' being looked upon as specially good. In our company there was a beautiful young creature, whose presence amongst us was our pride. That she was superior to us needed no second glance to find out, and I soon learned why her lot had been cast in such company. Her father had been a man of sterling merit as an actor, but had fallen a victim to the curse of drink, and so sank from one grade to another, dragging his motherless child with him, till they had reached the present depth. She was alone when I joined them, and her black dress told plainly enough the cause. There was something in her sweet, soft beauty that touched the holy chord of my nature, and though I knew the passion to be hopeless, yet from the first moment I loved her."

"My careless, easy manner vanished, and a sober, thoughtful mood took its place. I seized upon every chance that offered to show her those little attentions which, when softened with respect, are so welcome to the female heart. But I saw she had discovered my secret, and her wistful, pitying look pierced the heart of my hope, and I felt the glory of my future was no more. Our next move was to a garrison town, containing a *real* theatre. No more halls or exchange-rooms for some time to come, and any change was a welcome one to me. One night—I forget the play, but it was an extra night—one of the boxes was filled with officers. They seemed to look upon our efforts as one huge joke, and treated them accordingly. It makes my blood boil even when I think of it now, the rude glances and loud comments they shot at my far-off love. After a time, however, her pure and simple manner, so natural and graceful, subdued even their coarse rudeness; one of them particularly seemed deeply interested in her, and the eagle eye of disappointed love quickly discovered a possible rival. Notes and presents day after day were sent to her at the theatre; some of them made the indignant colour mount to her neck and forehead as she read them. Every night my rival was there, watching and hanging with eager looks on all she said or did; when their eyes met there was a flutter in her voice which told me surely enough that his was a successful suit."

"One night I had wandered, restless and weary after the performance, down to my favourite walk by the riverside, and as I leaned against an old mossy wall beneath a curtain of thick branches, listening to the soothing ripple of the stream, suddenly two voices came upon my ear. I knew the one—God knows only too well for my own peace of mind—and I guessed the other. I fled without knowing how, or which way, but instinct seemed to guide me to my home. How long I sat there I cannot tell. It might have been minutes, hours, days, when I was suddenly roused from my stupor by a crash at the door, which shook the dying candle into sudden and unexpected life. Scarcely had I opened the door when a spectre flung itself into my arms. I say spectre, for it all seemed to me a dream, but after a time I found it was all reality, and the sickening light showed me the ghastly face of her I loved, as I held her to my breast with the pulses of her heart whispering to those of my own."

"Oh, save me! save me!" She sobbed. I was surely dreaming again. "I have no one whom I can trust but you," she continued. "I saw him to-night, and he wanted me to elope with him, and I love him so that I fear myself, and so I came to you for safety."

"At the very mention of my rival I was awake in an instant. No fear of dreaming then. I placed her in the landlady's care, and that night my dreams were wild. A new-born hope filled my heart again. She had spoken to me in such a way—had trusted me in her moment of greatest peril, and her arms had clasped my neck. If ever I saw a stolen glimpse of the promised, golden paradise I saw it in my sleep that night."

"But it was not to be. The bright vision of my dreams melted away with daylight, for before the next morning my rival had sought her presence, made an offer of marriage, and was accepted."

The landlord paused and puffed away at his pipe till the clouds curled thickly about his head.

"Well," asked a guest, "and were they married?"

"Yes," was the reply; "and they left us. I see her bright face now, happy with beaming smiles as they departed from the church-gate. Her eyes met mine, and from the depths of their brightness there welled up such a look that I fairly broke down, and hastily turned aside to hide my melting manhood."

"Her departure made it impossible for me to stay, and so I left my companions and wandered away carelessly hither and thither, whichever road the finger-post of fate pointed. Months had passed, and I had found my way to a large manufacturing town. It was a dark night, and chance brought my steps to the stage-door of the theatre. The performance was over, and the actors were coming out. One or two scene men were smoking about. Suddenly one of them, looking up the street, muttered, 'Here he comes, the beast!' Following his look I saw, with the aid of the door-lamps, a half-drunken man in soiled full-dress suit. He had just parted from two women, whose gaudy style at once bespoke their character. 'Cab!' growled he, trying to steady himself. Someone ran to obey his order, and as it approached a slight figure issued from the stage-door, and the downlight of the lamp showed me the pale, wan face of her I loved! The half-drunken man was my successful rival."

"I stood there stupefied, but my sense of hearing was acute enough to understand what was going on, as I heard the scene men talking to each other. 'What did he give you?' asked one of them of the man who had gone for the cab."

"You know well enough," was the answer; "nothing but a cuss."

"Then I wouldn't ha' done it," someone replied.

"Oh, you wouldn't, wouldn't you?" was the sarcastic response. "Then you differs from me; I'd do anything for her, I would."

"So would I," was chorussed generally. "Else he might strike her as he has often done before," said another.

"STRIKE HER—oh, my God! and I reeled away, sickened at the thought. I had heard more than what I have told you, but my sense was so numbed with the one shock, that I can only say he had got through his fortune, and finding she had talent for the stage, he procured her a good engagement, and lived in the most dissipated manner on her salary."

"Time passed on—I was reckless—I cared not what I did or where I went; no wail or stray ever yielded more willingly to the current of fate than I did."

"Some weeks after this event, having in the meantime strayed about in my usual listless manner, and tiring of one place after another, I found myself one evening wandering from the highway for the sake of a near cut to a neighbouring village. The snow lay around in a crisp mantle of white, the wind cut keen and cold; so turning up my coat-collar, I crossed the stile, and, with head bowed down, I plodded along. Suddenly the sound of voices fell upon my ears, and looking up, I found myself in the outskirts of an encampment. In one corner was a wretched-looking tent, of weather-beaten canvass. Under its shelter a gipsy kind of fellow was extracting all the music he could from a fiddle. Near him was a robust girl, with an unkempt baby on her back, both evidently enjoying the wild strains. In the centre was a roaring fire, over which hung a huge iron pot. An old woman had just lifted from this seething cauldron an enormous Christmas pudding, to the great glee of three children, whose faces beamed again at the sight, one of them waving a piece of holly-bush in wild triumph. The cold and snow evidently had little effect on their hardy natures. A dog, with all the look about it of having been stolen from some loving mistress, together with a wondering-faced pony, looking over a portion of the tent, completing the picture which met my gaze. The woman looked at me keenly for a moment or two, and then said, 'You seem cold and weary, sir! Will you rest awhile, and join us? This is Christmas Eve, and you are welcome to our fare.'

"The woman had spoken truly. I was cold and hungry too, so I consented at once to join them. At a signal from the fiddler, I joined in the triumphal march of the pudding, where, under a large tent, a feast of the roughest but still enjoyable kind was prepared."

"Presently the members of this half-gipsy band came in from their daily trudging, flinging their wares down, one after another, and giving themselves up to the luxury of the time as only thorough Bohemians can. There was our principal tent decorated with holly and mistletoe for the occasion. There the tinkers' tools, the hawkers' stock-in-trade, the brooms half-completed, and suspicious-looking guns with a self-convicting air of poaching about them. There too was the Punch and Judy temple, standing with its skeleton ribs bared to the night breeze. Men and women were grouped here and there, with cunning-looking elderly children dotted amongst them. In the centre was the large fire where vast preparations for the annual feast were going on, superintended by an old crone of the most witchlike order. Close beside her was the dog Toby, watching with wistful looks the faces of the hungry-seeming ones, and betraying in every anxious glance a wonder as to what amount of meat the bones might possess, or whether the steam of the repast would be all that was likely to come to his share. The fiddler closed his eyes and drew from the catgut its merriest sound. Some were dancing, some were drinking, while the very trees, glowing with the fire's ruddy light, seemed to me to fold their arms and nod approval to all that was passing."

"Looking down through the pathway, I was startled with the sight of a figure clasping something closely to its breast. I stood up—on it came staggering towards us worn and weary. I went forward to assist it, and found a wild-looking woman with a child in her arms, 'Stop your madness,' I cried, 'for here is a poor woman dying.' In an instant the merriment ceased, and amid a crowd of kindly hands and anxious faces she was led towards the fire, and as the light fell on her, I started as if shot. It was the love of my life before me once again. When the stupor of my surprise had passed away, I saw she was lying couched in the arms of some of the women, whilst another kind being was nursing the child. I read her story in her pale, wan face, and the bruise on her cheek told me why she had wandered away. She knew me again, and kneeling beside her she whispered in my ear the truth only too plainly visible, that she was dying. 'I know you,' she said; 'you were as a brother to me once; oh give the love you had

for me to my child now, my poor orphan darling! Oh don't, don't let them ill-use it! My heart is broken to think I cannot shield her from harm. Oh, my darling, oh, my darling; how can I die and leave you, my tender one, alone, in this harsh world? Oh God, surely not to suffer as I have done. Will you be a father to her for the sake of the love you bore me?' she cried suddenly, as she raised herself up, and with her soul looking through her eyes down into mine she read the answer there. 'May—may—' The words failed her, but her sobs and tears seemed to take up the words whispering to our listening hearts, 'May God guard my poor child!' Her face sank, and the red glare of the fire showed a snow-like face yet gazing in the direction of the child, and I knew that earth had one suffering mortal less, that heaven claimed an angel more."

"From that night I was a changed man. I lived only for her child, and God alone can tell the battle I have had to keep my faith with the dead." The story-teller abruptly checked himself and again walked to the window, and for a time the silence was unbroken."

The stranger rose from his seat, and walked softly towards the picture. He looked upon it for an instant; then sobbed aloud, "Oh heaven! my punishment is just—my wife, my wife!" The words brought all the guests to their feet, and as the landlord turned his pipe fell shattered on the floor. The door opened, the girl entered, and the stranger, clasping her to his heart, ejaculated in a voice of deep emotion, "My child! Yes," he continued, looking round, "for she was my wife. You cannot tell what I have suffered for my crimes. I will atone all I can—don't fear me now," he pleaded to the girl; then said as he turned and addressed the portrait, "After years of search I have found her. Oh may God in heaven grant forgiveness for all the sufferings I have caused you!" And as that penitent cry went forth the distant voices of the waits rose on the air as if blending with the prayer, and the Christmas bells rang out, Amen, amen.\*

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

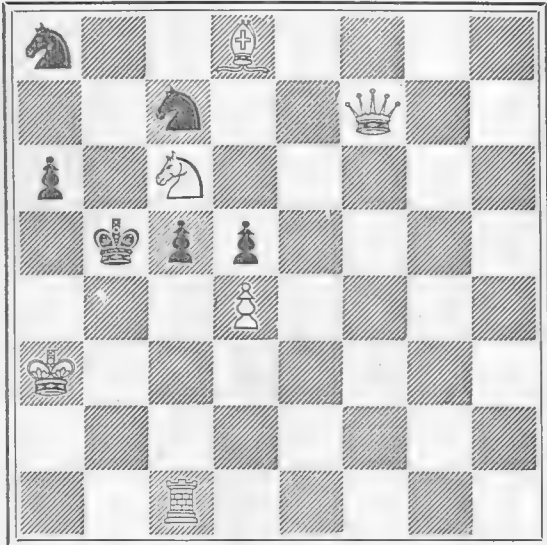
G. D., S. E. and W. P. Many thanks for your games. A. E. S.—Accept our best thanks. CHARLES T. C.—The first move is far more subtle than that proposed by you. J. P. T.—We have attended to your wishes. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 212 by Tight Stays is correct. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 213 by the Painter of Shepherd's Bush is correct. SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 214 by J. G., L. M., J. M., Tyro and Juvenis are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 213. WHITE. 1. Q to QB 8. 2. Q to Kt 4. 3. Q to Kt 8 (mate). BLACK. K takes B (a). P to K 5. K moves. 2. Q checks, and Q or R mates. (a)

PROBLEM No. 215. By J. H. FINLINSON.

The following Problem is taken from a proof-sheet of a new work, entitled, "Chess Chips," which will be published immediately after Christmas by the Civil Service Company, Salisbury-court, E.C. Price to Subscribers 2s. 6d. It is Edited by Mr. Paul Taylor, well-known as a clever problem composer, and an introduction is contributed by Professor Tomlinson. The work will contain problems, games, and anecdotes:—

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.

An interesting game played last week in the second round of the Handicap Tourney:—

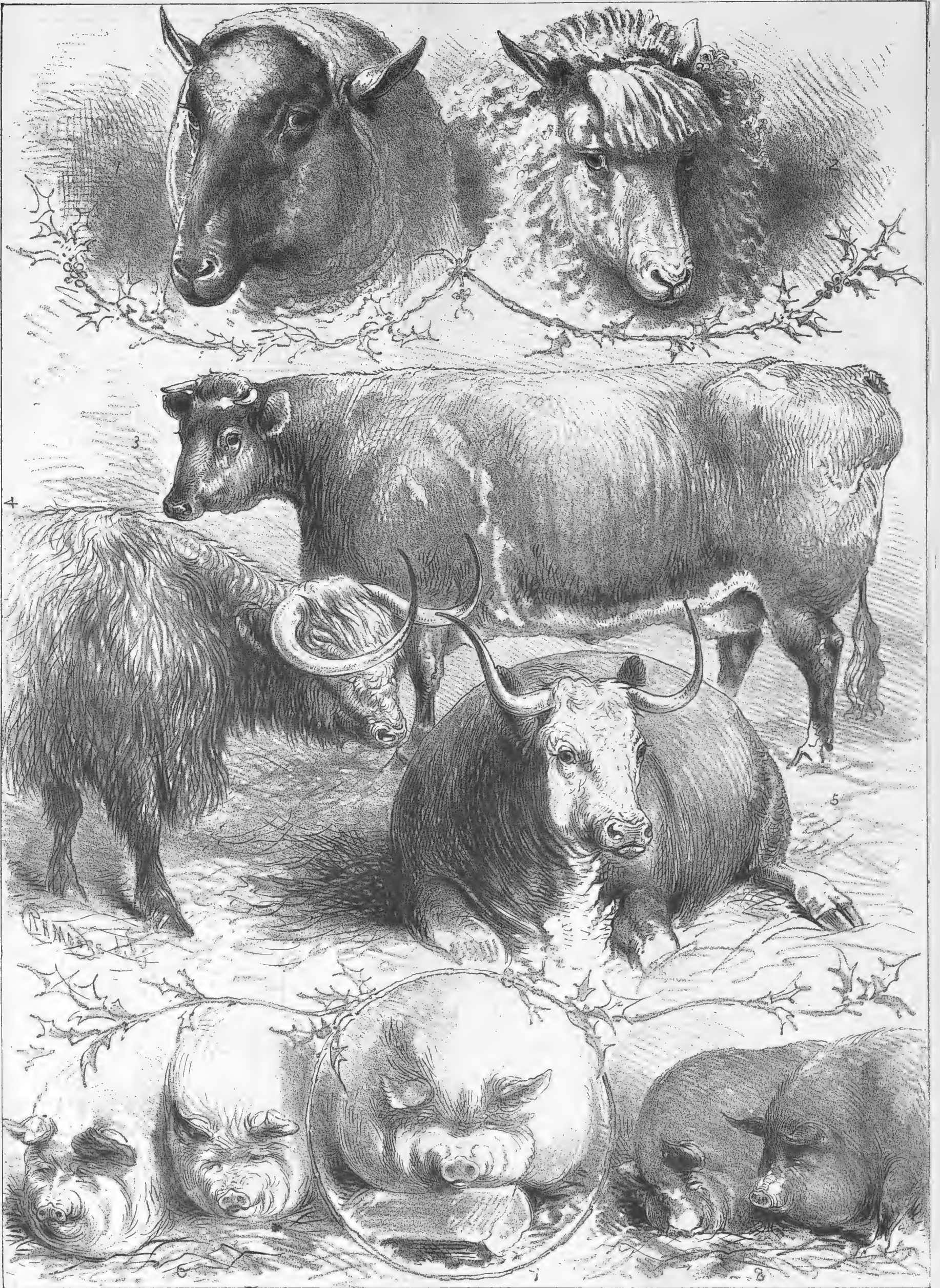
[Remove White's Q Kt.] WHITE. (Mr. Potter) 1. P to K B 4. 2. P to K 3. 3. P to Q Kt 3. 4. B to Kt 2. 5. Kt to B 3. 6. Q to K 2. 7. Castles. 8. K to Kt sq. 9. P to K R 3. 10. R to Kt sq. 11. P to K Kt 4. 12. P to B 4. 13. P takes P. 14. P to B 6 (c). BLACK. (Mr. Roberts) 1. P to K B 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. P to K 3. 4. P to Q Kt 3. 5. B to Kt 2. 6. Kt to R 3. 7. Kt to Q Kt 5 (a). 8. Q Kt to Q 4. 9. Q to K 2. 10. Kt to K 5. 11. R to K Kt sq. 12. Kt to K 5. 13. Kt to B 4 (b). 14. Q to Q 3. WHITE. (Mr. Dick) 11. P to Q R 3 (c). 12. B to Q 3. 13. Kt takes P. 14. R to B sq. 15. Kt to Q 5. 16. B to Kt sq. 17. Kt takes B. 18. Q takes P. 19. Q takes R (e). 20. R takes B (ch). BLACK. (Mr. Roberts) Castles. Kt to K 5. Q to B 3. R takes Kt. K to B 4 (d). B takes R. K to K 2. K takes P. K to B sq. K to K sq. Q to Q 3. Resigns. (a) One of those weak moves which inexperienced Knight-players delight to make. (b) Generosity is a fine quality, but not a useful one in chess; clearly he ought to have captured the Pawn. (c) Rendering evil for good. (d) Kt to B 3 would have been much better. (e) With his wonted accuracy and vigour Mr. Potter rains down his death-blows.

A LIVELY skirmish at Simpson's Divan, between two skilful amateurs:— [Scotch Gambit.]

WHITE. (Mr. Dick) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to K B 3. 3. P to Q 4. 4. B to B 4. 5. P to B 3. 6. Kt takes P. 7. Castles. 8. B to Kt 5. 9. B takes Kt. 10. Kt to Q 5. BLACK. (Mr. L.) 1. P to K 4. 2. Kt to Q B 3. 3. P takes P. 4. B to B 4. 5. P takes P (a). 6. Kt to B 3. 7. Castles (b). 8. P to K R 3. 9. Q takes B. 10. Q to K 3. WHITE. (Mr. Dick) 11. P to Q R 3 (c). 12. B to Q 3. 13. Kt takes P. 14. R to B sq. 15. Kt to Q 5. 16. B to Kt sq. 17. Kt takes B. 18. Q takes P. 19. Q takes R (e). 20. R takes B (ch). BLACK. (Mr. L.) Q takes P. Q to K 5. R to Kt sq. R to K 3. P to Q 3. P to B 4 (d). P takes Kt. R to B 3. Kt takes Q. Resigns. (a) Kt to B 3 is the accredited move here. (b) He ought to have played P to K R 3, to prevent the Kt from being pinned. (c) Not good, but good enough. (d) Weak: Kt to Q 5 was, probably, his best resource. (e) Clever, and decisive.

\* See illustration on page 305 of the Christmas Number, from which this story was unavoidably excluded.—ED. I. S. & D. N.





STUDIES FROM THE SMITHFIELD SHOW.





A SCENE FROM "TRAFALGAR," AT THE CANTERBURY.



## SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

## No. IX.—AN M. F. H.—ANOTHER VARIETY.

SOME two months ago, when we were just beginning to rattle the cubs about in the outlying coverts, to take stock of the young entry, founding hopes which have been more or less realised, and forming opinions as to how the young horse would turn out and take to his business, the Duke of Crampshire was sketched in these columns. Happy is the country ruled over by such an M. F. H. But, as most people are aware, there are other varieties of Masters; and in the Meadowmere country we have some knowledge of the less satisfactory sorts, the recollection of whom is very much more amusing than were the actual experiences.

It will be generally admitted that if all of us only spent what we could afford, money would not invariably be invested as it is at present. Charley Hiefflight's stable of fourteen hunters would be curtailed to very much more modest proportions, and Willy Recknott's hunting would be confined to an occasional mount on a friend's horse, and some three or four turns during the season on a two guinea hack-hunter hired from the stable in the county town, whereas he never has less than a couple of very likely animals in whatever place he may be quartered; and perhaps he will pay all debts in connection with them some day, if he can. But while some men spend more than they can afford, others spend less, and one of the latter kind was Scruton, who for one season ruled the destinies of the Meadowmere.

We had gradually fallen into a bad way. Sir Henry Akerton, our former—and happily our present—Master, had given up the hounds and gone to the South of France. So much jealousy and wrangling followed attempts to find a successor that we tried a committee of management which, while it circumscribed the limits of angry discussions, decidedly intensified their vehemence; the result being that we had very little hunting, and that little was of a very unsatisfactory sort. But the departure of a principal cause of discord, and the death of another, smoothed matters to some extent, and with a tolerable approach to unanimity it was resolved to accept Scruton's offer to hunt three days a week, with a guaranteed subscription, which he undertook to supplement. Now those of us who knew Scruton best had grave doubts about his doing anything for the good of the county, unless in the first and foremost place it specially redounded to the good of that peculiar portion of it in which Scruton himself was interested. He was fond of hunting, and having a very comfortable little property, could well afford to gratify his taste for sport. But he was no less fond of his money; and if he did not take the hounds in the hope of getting his hunting for nothing, a serious injustice was done to his character, for to this conclusion we speedily came. His stud consisted of a pair of carriage-horses, a couple of fairly good old hunters, together with a pony which was driven about all day long, with occasional periods of rest, which were not supposed to be interrupted by such episodes as a trip to the post-office with a boy on its back, or a gallop round the park with Scruton, junior, in the saddle. These little excursions were believed rather to freshen him up than otherwise, and on his return it was considered that he was quite ready to go in the trap again, when, with a shake of his gallant little head he boldly trotted off once more; and I may parenthetically add that Scruton's pony is by no means the only little animal in the country that is similarly treated, and does the work of about three horses.

An augmented stud was, of course, necessary to begin with, and it was found indispensable to fit out the hunt servants afresh, concerning which Scruton hit upon a most brilliant idea. Being up in town, he went one evening with a friend of dramatic tastes to one of the theatres where pieces are mounted most luxuriously, and was much struck by the handsomely furnished rooms wherein the action of the play proceeded. His companion assured him that the decorations of these apartments were just what they seemed to be—good things out of the best shops; and this set Scruton thinking. Before dinner he had, while glancing through the paper, noticed an advertisement of the sale by auction of the scenery, dresses, and "properties" of an opera company, and among the items he had observed several huntsmen's costumes. Probably they would go cheaply. With some alterations they could easily be made to fit the huntsman and whips of the Meadowmere; and from what Scruton saw upon the stage he had no doubt they would be in all respects desirable garments for the hunt. The notion he at once propounded to his friend.

"I see there are a lot of huntsmen's costumes at that sale next week. What sort of things would they be?" he asked.

"Capital! Just the thing for you, I should fancy, if you want anything of that sort. The *Der Freischütz* dresses would suit you down to the ground, I should think. Green tunics, broad leather belts—you wouldn't want the spears, of course—and yellow bucket boots. They'd look awfully jolly on a horse—novel and out of the ordinary run?" his friend rejoined.

Scruton's hopes faded. His innocent companion, an unadulterated cockney, had no idea of hunting attire, and could not understand the sensation which would have been created by the appearance of a huntsman and two whips in green tights and bucket boots. Scruton, rather scornfully, said this would not do.

"If you want the regular thing, have the suits out of the *Lily of Killarney*," his friend suggested.

"What are they like?" Scruton asked.

"O, Melton all over, I should say—just like the pictures you see, you know. Red coats, top-boots, knee-breeches, and caps. They sing a chorus—'Yoicks! tally-ho!' and that sort of thing—capital good chorus," his friend replied.

Scruton's hopes revived. These things would do, no doubt, and before he returned home he commissioned his friend to buy four of the complete suits if he could get them under ten pounds.

Here was one difficulty solved, for tailors are so cruelly expensive; and on the afternoon of the day of sale a telegram came down from London:—"Had to take the whole lot. Sixteen suits; but only gave fifteen pounds. Coming down by train to-night." Sixteen suits were no good; but, on the other hand, they were marvellously cheap, if anything like up to the mark; and having seen the admirable manner in which things were done on the London stage, of this Scruton had no doubt.

Next morning a huge bundle was delivered together with a letter. He opened the former first. There were the coats, the breeches, and—what were these other square surfaces of something like leather? Scruton turned to the letter. "I hope you have received the hunting things all right, and that you like them. The breeches are rather thin, but I daresay that doesn't matter; when you are tally-hoing 'cross country, you keep yourselves pretty warm, I expect. The 'boots' are not boots precisely, as you will see. The chorus fasten these things—sort of leggings—round their legs, over their own boots. I don't suppose that will matter, and I know they looked uncommonly well in the opera. Write and say how they do. Yours always, FRANK BORDERS." No. The boots were not "boots precisely," neither were the coats coats, nor the breeches breeches. These latter were apparently of stout canvas, while the coats were a thin species of serge or flannel, and the sort of leggings were by no means adapted for rough work in the open air, "uncommonly well" as they may have looked on the stage. In fact, the whole bundle was worth

considerably less than the money to which it had been run up by those who had no doubt observed that an earnest outsider was bidding for them. Scruton sorrowfully stowed away the obnoxious parcel in a top room, and it was not till some time afterwards that we heard particulars of his singular purchase. There was nothing for it but to drive into Meadon and perform the disagreeable operation of throwing good money after bad by ordering suits in the regular way.

Scruton then set seriously to work to economise in horseflesh, and by extra cunning reimburse himself for the wasted fifteen pounds. He possessed a fair knowledge of horses, and had he gone to Tattersall's, prepared to give a moderate price, would in all likelihood have picked up some beasts worth their corn. But Scruton knew a dealer who generally had something cheap in his stables; and thither he proceeded in the vain hope that a 'cute and experienced man who passed his life in buying and selling horses would be beguiled into parting with quadrupeds for less than their value by a person very much less accustomed to such bargainings. It is not at all difficult to get a horse at a low price; but that this is not necessarily a cheap horse many gentlemen have before now discovered. In return for a cheque for not much over a hundred pounds, Scruton became the owner of four animals, for the arrival of which we waited anxiously at the meet on the day appointed for the beginning of the season. Three of them duly appeared, one of the purchases, described as a very good-looking chestnut mare, being incapacitated; one of her legs had filled after an exercise canter on the Downs. Scruton himself was on a decent sort of bay horse, far the best of the lot, for which he had paid the, to him, large price of forty pounds. Certainly it began to make a noise when we got away and had crossed some three or four fields—a noise suggesting to the hearer the wheezing of a consumptive steam-engine; but Scruton scorned the idea that it was broken-winded. "Some horses were like that," he very truly observed, and it is only fair to the animal to add that, whatever was the matter with him, he did not stop, but got through a tolerable day's work. The huntsman was on another of the new ones, a really handsome brown, more like a coach-horse than a hunter, but nevertheless good-looking. That there was something wrong somewhere seemed more than probable, from the fact that he had only cost twenty-four pounds; but Scruton had a plausible proverb to the effect that a good rider made a good horse, and took him on the chance of the "something" being not beyond remedy. He had trotted in fine style before Scruton bought him, and this we soon found was his peculiarity. Through the fence which bounded the covert when we found the brown charged nobly, without an attempt at rising, and off he went at a tremendously hard trot. All endeavours to make him gallop were futile. If he broke for a moment he speedily relapsed into his trot, and after about ten minutes began to go very lame indeed on his near fore leg. We subsequently found that he was the winner of several trotting matches, and had broken down beyond hope of more than a very temporary patching up. One of Scruton's old horses was out for whoever wanted it most, and the huntsman being transferred to him, the big brown was led off limping piteously. Our only whip was on the third purchase, a very mealy chestnut, which "tittuped" along like a rocking-horse, required a great deal of coaxing at the smallest fence, and kicked hard whenever it was touched with whip or spur, without in the slightest mending its pace. The whip was quite unable to perform his duties, never being able to get near the hounds, though the mealy chestnut placidly cantered along without any sign of distress. Hounds and horses alike fared badly under the Scruton régime, which came to an end with an early close to the season.

Scruton was practically succeeded by a lady, for poor young Thynne, under the direction of a severe mother, who insisted that his position in the county required it, and that she was sure her uncle—Lord Pytchley—would wish it, was reluctantly compelled to take the hounds. Money was no object, and Thynne, a feeble-minded, weak-eyed, and generally limpy young man, paid all expenses, Thynne could ride a little, but hated the whole business, though he had not much trouble, as his mother kept a stern eye on the conduct of affairs. One of her first proceedings was to send for Vale, the huntsman, and tell him that she "wished the foxes' skins to be preserved." Poor Vale was aghast at the idea.

"How do you mean, ma'am?" he presently ventured to ask.

"I wish them brought to me, always," she severely rejoined.

"But, ma'am, I can't!" poor Vale said.

"And why not, pray?" she still more sternly desired to know, probably supposing that the "foxes' skins" were a perquisite which the huntsman unlawfully claimed.

"Hounds eat 'em, ma'am!" Vale earnestly explained.

"Surely the hounds do not eat the skins? They do not eat the faces—the masks, I am sure!" said the dowager.

"No, ma'am, I cut off the brush and mask and pads, and the hounds have the rest—it's their due, ma'am!" poor Vale said, wondering what was coming next. The dowager's fond anticipation of a carriage rug, or whatever it was she desired, consequently vanished.

She kept up her control, however, to the best of her ability, and was particularly severe when she heard of a blank day.

"So you did not kill a fox yesterday. How was that?" she asked Vale, one day when Wynnerly and I were calling at the Hall, and found him undergoing his periodical examination.

"No, ma'am. He went to ground in Mere Woods.

"Where is that?" says Lady Thynne.

"By Bradwyn Hall—in the Fallowfield country, ma'am."

"How did that happen? Could you not make the hounds go more quickly?" she inquires, as though Vale were not nearly up to his work, and glancing round at Wynnerly and myself as she speaks, as if to assure us that she takes care of our interests, little as we may think it. Poor Vale looks horrified, but is speechless, and receiving permission to go retires precipitately. It need hardly be added that Sir Henry's return was welcomed with enthusiasm.

RAPIER.

At St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Leicester-square, W.C., 224 in and out-patients (of which 33 were new cases) were under treatment during the week ending 14th December, 1878.

THE pantomime at the Alexandra Palace—to be produced for the first time next Saturday—is *Dick Whittington*. The parts of the hero and his sweetheart are to be played by Miss Lilian Cavalier and Miss Susie Vaughan. Madame San Martino-Campobello and Mr. Edmund Rosenthal (both eminent on the opera stage) will take leading parts in the opening scenes. The famous Girards, Pongo *redivivus*, and the Rowella Troupe are specially engaged. The pantomime has been written by Mr. G. B. O'Halloran, its production being in the hands of Mr. T. H. Friend. The scenery has been painted by Mr. Emden, whose artistic productions last Christmas will be remembered. After the transformation scene, entitled "A Christmas Card," the next scene in importance is of a shipwreck, which is so constructed that the vessel with all hands will sink bodily beneath the waves. The ballets are being arranged by Mr. John Lauri, the principal danseuse being Mdlle. Lana. Besides the pantomime, there will be each day the "Little Folks'" Doll Show, Holden's Marionette's, Wieland's Circus, Zæo, the wonderful Girl Gymnast, Military Band, Organ, &c.

## VETERINARIAN.

## No. 4.—THE DETECTION OF LAMENESS IN HORSES.

THE examination of the foot in cases of lameness is a proceeding never to be neglected. The foot of a lame limb ought always to be examined, even though it be a broken bone that is causing the lameness. So taught one of the most successful veterinarians that ever lived, and he used to give an example in proof. "A horse fell and fractured his leg, and was being treated by slinging and so forth, when one day matter was seen oozing from the top of the hoof of the lame limb. He was destroyed forthwith, and on searching the foot, a nail was found that had caused not only the festered foot, but had no doubt been the cause of the original stumble that fractured the limb. It is no uncommon thing in splint lameness to find the swelling over the splint very hot and tender; but exactly the same conditions frequently obtain in acute attacks of disease within the foot, so that however absurd and uncalled-for our advice may appear to be in many cases that appear so plain and unmistakable, we say in all cases of lameness of a limb examine the foot."

We begin in a systematic examination to compare the two as regards size, shape, and relative heat.

The size of the feet is important; but in the case of the two fore feet we not unfrequently find one foot—generally the right—larger than its fellow. The right side of man and the domestic animals is often, if not always, a shade larger than the left. This we find in the fit of our gloves and shoes. The right fore foot of the horse is often very distinctly larger than the left. This may be from the cause above-mentioned; or it may be that he leads and uses the right more than the left; or it may be that when he was young and growing he received an injury in his foot, which is now the smaller. This last being the case still the smaller foot may be quite good.

The shape of the foot is of the greatest importance in examining a lame limb. Shoeing alters the shape of the foot, and so does disease, and if either cause throws the natural bearings of the foot wrong lameness will sooner or later ensue. The shoes may have been on too long, and the toes become unduly long; or either side of the foot may be unduly worn upon the bearing surface, so as to twist the fetlock joint; or the heels of the shoe may pitch the back of the foot too high. The fibres of the hoof may be mis-shapen; instead of running straight from above downwards, they may be quite wavy, and give the hoof a ringed appearance. This ring formation may be due to the sudden impetus given to the growth of the hoof by a run out at grass—when the rings will mostly be confined to the upper part of the hoof—and be anything but well-marked rings; or the rings may pervade the whole hoof, and be well-marked and due to inflammatory disease either within the foot at the time or at some time previous. When rings pervade the whole hoof-wall from disease, the hoof fibres are often brittle, and split so that the nails keeping on the shoes are badly retained.

The relative heat of the two feet we ascertain by laying on the whole palm of our hand, first on one, then on its fellow foot. Of course there are times when our sense of touch itself is not over exact, but increased heat to any extent we can usually detect in this somewhat unscientific manner. A part of a foot only may be affected by increase of temperature. In this case we compare by the feel this part with the remaining parts of the same foot.

The removal of the shoe, which we began to explain last week, for a search of the foot, is our next step. Here, again, before removing the shoe we notice the wearing of the shoe to see if it is being worn away evenly, or more worn at one part than another. It is at this stage we notice the frog and see if there be any discharge (thrush) from its cleft. We notice also its size and shape. Having got the shoe off we notice the width of the heels and, if necessary, compare them with the heels of the fellow foot. The paring of the sole is next proceeded with, and it is essential that we pare off all the dark, crumbly, exfoliating horn, as disease never lodges in this since this structure is dead already and is being shed, but it effectually hides a bruised sole or a corn; indeed, we ought not to expect to find slighter cases of bruised sole or corns until we have made the sole sufficiently thin to yield on pressure with the thumb. Paring further is quite unnecessary, except in cases where we find the discoloration from a bruised sole or a corn. We next try pressure with the pincers so as to grasp the part of the hoof traversed by each individual nail—one nail course at a time—noting the effects and taking care to apply as near the same amount of force over one nail course as over another. If much force be used the horse will have his sensitive parts pinched, and will, as a matter of course, wince and draw away his foot, but the vigour with which he does so when suffering from a festering nail hole is unmistakable, and his fears are so roused often that he will withdraw bodily and tremble with fear of another pinch and refuse to have his foot again lifted. Having suspected a nail-hole, we have now to "follow it up" with a small draw-knife—called a searcher—until we liberate the tarry imprisoned matter that is giving rise to the lameness; or failing to find this, satisfy ourselves that the nail hole is sound and that we are mistaken in our surmise.

We may here mention in passing that the point of the frog, or rather the horny sole about the point of the frog, is to be noticed carefully for two reasons. First, it is at this part—being the highest part of the arch of the foot—that nails and other sharp matters pierce the sole in most cases; and second, we can often see in bad cases of navicular disease a deep yellow discoloration of the sole; if not exactly a yellow discoloration, at least a discoloration of one kind or other.

Now we come—but we have nearly finished our space this week—to the enumeration of the signs and symptoms of the various forms of lameness. In going over them we shall prefer rather to begin at the top of a limb, and enumerate the symptoms of lameness at each part of the limb from which lameness may arise, rather than begin with the more important lameness and proceed towards the less important.

We will begin with the top of the extremities in each case and go downwards—in the fore extremities beginning with shoulder lameness, and in the hind extremities beginning with hip lameness, and so forth. We close now by saying that in each case our description will be very brief, and the essential symptoms in each case will be mentioned first, and carefully distinguished from the less important. The brevity with which we shall treat the symptoms of each form of lameness will be a marked advantage to those who have followed us up to our present point of departure.

(To be continued.)

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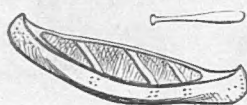
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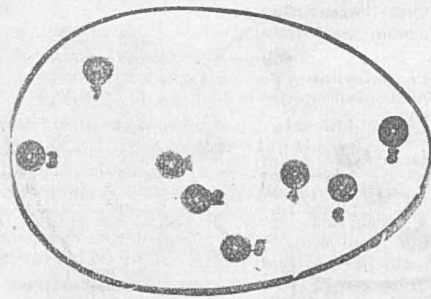
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